

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is business reviving? Is it possible to discuss this question without ringing in politics? Let us see.

In the *North American Review* for November there is a symposium on the "Business Revival" by four representative business men. Mr. Edward Kemble, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, contributes a short paper in which he maintains that very large crops in a succession of years are not to be ardently desired, unless we can sell the surplus abroad. Mr. Kemble finds the business of the country, as a whole, depressed and unprofitable. While business is not much better than it was last winter, he finds the business situation very much better—that is to say, the chances are good here at home for improvement in business. And yet, Mr. Kemble fears the depression in foreign countries will be a bar to improvement here. Notwithstanding this difficulty, and other difficulties of domestic origin, he is sure business will revive and flourish, because the savings, the economies and the convulsions of the past three years have made such revival possible. Mr. Kemble is inclined to predict that the next five years will witness an era of great prosperity.

Mr. JAMES M. GLENN, president of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, calls attention to the facts that the long delay and uncertainty caused by tariff agitation in Congress at first curtailed the production of many lines of commodities, by the shutting down of factories and the stoppage of orders from merchants; that some time before the Gorman Bill had passed, the surplus stock of dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing, machinery and metal products generally, had become depleted; that an enlarging business in these lines had developed in consequence; and that therefore the revival expected upon the passage of the new tariff bill was not fully realized. Mr. Glenn thinks "that the turning point from conditions of depression to a shaping in the direction of enlargement in the employment of labor has been reached and passed, and that conditions of comparative comfort are steadily displacing those of distress among the industrial classes."

In the following paragraph Mr. Glenn gives an intimation of an important factor in the revival he expects:

"It is true that while there is a revival of the operations of business there remains the inevitable condition of low values of products in general, and a consequent restriction upon the wage power of the employing interests. It is useless in a general way to draw comparisons with earlier years, as to values of products or prices rendered for productive labor, for the revolutionizing influences of the economies which have been introduced and which are still developing render such comparisons misleading, and in more or less degree give encouragement to a sense of dissatisfaction which is abundantly present at all times among wage earners."

Mr. GLENN, speaking for Cincinnati, looks forward to an early restoration of former activity owing to the

widening of the industrial development of the South, for whose trade the Queen City has unusual and constantly increasing facilities.

Mr. A. K. MILLER, president of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, reports that business there is better now than at this time last year. Bank clearances show an increase of about ten per cent. Cotton receipts have almost doubled, and have had an enormous influence on the general result in spite of the low price of the staple—the lowest on record. Mr. Miller attributes the prosperity of New Orleans to various causes. Among these may be mentioned: the steady drift of the city, for years past, has been from commerce to manufactures; the industries are varied and are producing at home articles that were formerly bought in other States; public works have given employment to idle labor; the amount of paying has never been equaled before; New Orleans is finally to have a system of sewerage; the mule street-cars are being replaced with trolley cars, thus giving immediate employment to millions of idle capital; the building trades show an increase of fifty per cent over three years ago; the people of the South and of New Orleans, owing to the financial stringency of last year, practiced economies they never practiced before and raised agricultural products themselves that were formerly bought from the West.

Mr. MILLER is quite outspoken against the Gorman Tariff, and emphatically declares that the revival down there is due wholly to the people, to their energy, industry and economy, and not to any legislation of Congress. He says that so far as the new tariff law is concerned, it has proved only an injury and a threat. Mr. Miller closes his paper with the statement that complete confidence in New Orleans business circles will not be restored until it is definitely known whether the sugar schedule is to remain as it is, long enough to allow the country to test the present rating.

Mr. WILLIAM G. BOYD, president of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, writes in glowing terms of the business boom there. The revival of trade and commerce this year has been general; in many cases phenomenal. St. Louis had no bank failure during the "panic" of 1893. The Mound City has always been noted for its financial stability, and for the solidity of its great industrial enterprises; and when the flurry of the "panic" elsewhere had passed, Mr. Boyd says, St. Louis recovered with ease. A new Union Depot, the largest in the world, was opened a month ago. St. Louis shoe factories are running full time. The St. Louis Exposition—which has been held every year since 1884, and is self-supporting—has now been opened some time and reports larger attendance to date than in any of its ten preceding seasons.

THESE varied and interesting views of the situation, from business men of ripe judgment, suggest the obvious comment that the revival of trade, in so far as it has taken place, is due to the energy of the people; and that, if the revival is to continue, the people must still be behind it. It will be in order, therefore, to avoid bootless repining, and hope for the best—by working for it.

TWO HUNDRED French cities have ordered statues of Carnot.

QUEEN ANNE of England, who reigned in the eighteenth century, had seventeen children, all of whom died in childhood.

UNDER date of October 7, 1893, this journal discussed Mr. Gladstone's famous speech at Edinburgh, in which the Great Commoner warned the House of Lords that their obstruction might be carried so far as to endanger the existence of that body altogether. ONCE A WEEK suggested that the difficulty might be solved, not by the abolition of the Lords, but by making them, as legislators, elective.

"THEN where would the sons of their fathers be?" That question is as pertinent to-day as it was a year ago. All England is guessing as to what Lord Rosebery's programme will be. The Premier hints at a change in the unwritten Constitution of England; and even talks seriously about the revolutions in which the people resisted the tyrannies of Charles I. and James II.

WHAT is the programme? The Premier will not give details. But a resolution is to be introduced that will affirm the principle that the Commons must be the dominant partner in the partnership with the Lords.

THE student of history will remember that in 1800 the Lords were deprived of all influence over the finances of Great Britain, and since that date the Commons have of course been the dominant party, with respect to appropriations of money—no small matter, of course. And now the Commons will become still more dominant, if the House of Lords be not wiped out altogether.

THE practical student of this question will, with Rosebery, favor the idea of a second chamber; and if that second chamber is to be a responsible body, it must be elective.

BUT, in fairness, the other side must be given a hearing also. Lord Salisbury in reply to the Liberal Premier joins issue, it seems to me, fairly and squarely. The Conservative statesman admits that it would be a good thing to submit a detailed measure on this subject to the electors. He also takes occasion to remark that in the form in which such a proceeding exists in the United States, it is decidedly advantageous to good government and the stability of the country; and would be equally so in England. But Lord Salisbury objects to the Premier's course in keeping secret from the electors the details of the proposed resolution. Of course it is only natural the ex-Premier would like to know what kind of a rod he of Rosebery has in pickle for him and his.

THE conclusion seems to be: As the House of Lords cannot defend their alleged rights of the Peers without obstruction, and as the country will not stand that, a reasonable compromise will be to change the hereditary gilded chamber to a neatly kalsomined, responsible, elective chamber composed of Peers—and there are hundreds of them in Great Britain—who take a sincere personal interest in the welfare of the people.

THIRTY-SEVEN per cent of American wheat and three per cent of American corn goes abroad.

A SON of the patriot Garibaldi is a lieutenant in the Italian Navy.

THE success of the proposed fast Atlantic steamer service between Canada and Great Britain would seem to be problematic in view of the fact that of the existing lines the Allan and Dominion have found it necessary to curtail the number of their ships during the winter season to those carrying mails, and the Beaver line has suspended operations altogether. There has been a notable depression in the harbor business at Montreal lately, and the outlook for merchants and others is correspondingly gloomy. Mr. James Huddart, the enterprising Australian, to whom the Canadian Government will give a subsidy of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the carrying out of his fast service scheme, has been under the impression that jealousy was at the bottom of the disfavor with which his enterprise was regarded among the ship-owners of Montreal. He will perhaps have a better opinion of those gentlemen when he learns that their advice was quite disinterested.

THE aggregate women's vote in Denver was nearly as large as that of the men.

SONG-WRITERS are prominent among the large class who sow much and reap little, at least financially. Charles Graham, who is thirty-six years old and still writing songs in Brooklyn, sold "Two Little Girls in Blue" for ten dollars and subsequently received five hundred dollars as a mark of appreciation from the publishers, who have made a fortune out of it. His "Picture Turned Against the Wall" went for the paltry sum of two hundred dollars, though its popularity was sufficient to establish two firms of publishers. John F. Kelly made nothing worth speaking of from "The Girl I Left Behind," when its wonderful popularity is considered. However, there are some pleasant exceptions. Raymond Moore has netted twelve thousand dollars from "Sweet Marie," for all its remarkable suggestion of "Baby Mine," which was whistled and sung by millions a score of years ago. Alfred G. Robyn, the brilliant young musician of St. Louis, has also made song-writing pay. He wrote the music to "You" and "Answer," two songs that have brought him in more than even "Sweet Marie" brought its author. Hub Smith, who wrote "The Grapevine Swing" and "A Little Peach in an Orchard Grow," has never realized sufficiently to resign his twelve hundred-dollar clerkship in the War Department at Washington.

THE longest reign in the annals of France was that of Louis XIV., which extended over a period of seventy-two years.

THE annual football match between West Point and Annapolis has been forbidden owing to the bitter feeling it is thought to engender, not only between the cadets, but between Army and Navy officers as well.

JOHN S. JOHNSON has lowered the world's mile bicycle record to one minute, thirty-five and two-fifths seconds. The hundred mile and three mile records have also been brought down considerably by Bert Harding and G. A. Maxwell respectively.

FRANCE will probably accomplish a speedy and bloodless victory in Madagascar. Special Commissioner Le Myre de Villers is confident of forcing the acceptance of his terms on the Hovas without an appeal to arms.

EIGHTY FOUR per cent of the houses in Chicago, eighty-six per cent of those in Philadelphia, eighty-nine per cent of those in Brooklyn and Boston, and ninety-six per cent of those in New York are mortgaged. The average value of a house in either of the two first-named cities is about five thousand dollars, that in either of the second two about seven thousand, while the average house in Gotham sells for over nineteen thousand dollars. It is the competition for the land that tells the story.

THE Cunard steamer *Lucania* has again smashed all ocean records, making the trip from Queenstown to New York in five days, seven hours and twenty-three minutes. We may cross in five days by the time the Paris Exposition opens.

WOMEN in Southern hosiery factories receive the munificent sum of forty cents a day; men six dollars a week. Unskilled male labor in Pennsylvania can be employed for eighty-five cents a day; and one hundred and twenty thousand wage-earners are out of work in New York. On the other hand, it is interesting to note that William Waldorf Astor has an income of a thousand dollars an hour, and that the Government pays out eight million dollars a year to maintain the Custom Houses.

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND women in Chicago voted for the trustees of the State University.

CHRISTINA of Sweden, the eccentric monarch who kept Court tongues wagging throughout Europe two centuries ago, spoke eight languages.

GREAT BRITAIN, France, Italy, Russia and the United States are the five greatest naval powers, in the order named.

SENATORS PALMER, Allison, Pepper, Hawley, Shoup, Davis, Manderson, Allen, Brice, Quay, Proctor, Squire and Vilas were Union officers during the war. The Senators who held commissions under the Stars and Bars are more numerous, and include Senators Caffery, Ransom, Butler, Harris, Bate, Coke, Daniel, Hunton, Faulkner, Cockrell, Morgan, Berry, Gordon and George. Senator Camden of West Virginia was a cadet at West Point some years before the war. Among the youngest Senators are the Single Taxer, James Henderson Kyle of South Dakota, and the South Carolina Populist, John Laurens Manning Irby. Both were born in 1854, and their united ages are less than that of Senator Justin Smith Morrill of Vermont.

How shall all men able to work obtain employment and secure the results of their labor? That is the greatest problem of the day.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, that flower of chivalry who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century, was a foreign Ambassador at the age of twenty-two.

TWICE as much cotton is raised on an Egyptian as on an American acre, yet the United States produces twice as much as Egypt, Brazil, Peru, Turkey and the West Indies combined.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, of the British House of Commons, is eighty-seven years old.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO woolen mills have started up in the last eight weeks.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT has a fifteen thousand-dollar piano and a two thousand dollar piano stool in his new palace on Fifty-eighth Street.

MEMBERS of the diplomatic corps of Russia will not only wear the customary badge of mourning for one year, in event of the death of Alexander III., but will withdraw from society during that period.

HIGHWAYMEN are again plying their avocation in New York. One of several recent victims was an aged householder who was robbed of his valuables on the doorstep of his residence near Central Park, having first been kicked into insensibility. The police are apparently unable to cope with the situation.

JAPAN is rich in minerals and manufactures, but the chief pursuit among her forty-one million inhabitants is agriculture. The country is traversed by nearly two thousand miles of railroads.

THE painting, "In the Fields," by Bastien Le Page, was recently purchased by the Memorial Hall Commission of Philadelphia for forty-five hundred dollars. Peculiar interest attaches to the work of Le Page because of his relations with the world-famous Marie Bashkirtseff.

THE appropriations of the Fifty-third Congress reach the enormous total of over four hundred and ninety-two million dollars. Principally through the abolition of useless officers, the Government's salary roll has been decreased nearly six hundred thousand dollars.

TEMPLE HOUTSON, the leading lawyer of Oklahoma Territory, is a son of Sam Houston, the great Tennessean whose adventurous life presents one of the strangest and most picturesque chapters in American history.

ROWLAND BLENERHASSET MAHANEY of Buffalo, who was United States Minister to Ecuador under President Harrison, is not yet thirty years old.

PROBABLY few people are aware that the husband of Charlotte Brontë is still living. The charming novelist died in 1855, and her husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, lived at Haworth for seven years after the sad event, comforting her aged father's solitude until the good old vicar's death. Mr. Nicholls afterward retired from the ministry and purchased a farm in the south of Ireland, where he still lives in the quiet enjoyment of his rural pursuits.

THE Hon. Mrs. Henniker is collaborating with the distinguished novelist Thomas Hardy in a new novel. Poor Mrs. Henniker! All the weak parts of the book will be inevitably ascribed to her and all the strong ones to her able co-worker. Some women are very brave.

TWO MILLION dollars was the sum paid for the ground to be occupied by the Columbia College on the site of the old Bloomingdale Asylum. It is one thousand feet long, eight hundred wide and extends over four blocks. Three million dollars more will be invested in the buildings, and the library building alone will cost a fourth of this amount. It is expected that the new college will be ready for occupancy October 1, 1896.

REPAREE.

LIVES there the man whose heart does not beat with inward satisfaction when, with some smart and witty reply, he is able to turn an adversary's weapon against himself? The *lex talionis*—the law of retaliation—is the one universal law to which the savage and the civilized, the Jew and the Gentile, are ever ready to conform. Campbell, the poet, who was not on very friendly terms with Turner, the artist, being called upon to propose a toast in honor of English art, rose and said: "Gentlemen! success and long life to our Painters and *Glaziers*, and allow me to couple the toast with the name of my friend, Mr. Turner."

Turner rose, returned thanks in a graceful speech, and concluded by saying: "I will now beg you to join me in drinking 'Our Paper Stainers,' coupled with the name of my friend, Mr. Campbell."

On another occasion "the festive board" was the scene of a tit-for-tat conversation between Samuel Warren, the author, and Murphy, the barrister, who had been newly created Sergeant-at-law. Calling across the table to Warren, he said:

"Warren! I never had patience to finish that book of yours—'Ten Thousand a Year.' Tell me, what was the end of Gammon?"

"Oh!" replied Warren; "they made him a sergeant, and he was never heard of after."

The late Charles Kean, who was morbidly anxious for praise, eagerly asking Lord Lytton what he thought of his "Hamlet," received for reply:

"Very fine; but I only stopped for the first act."

A little later on, Lytton happened to ask Kean how he liked his "Rienzi."

"Very much," said Kean; "but I never got beyond the first volume."

In the "Encounter of Wits," the fair sex is not behindhand in the display of the art by which "the engineer is hoist with his own petard."

A celebrated actress, retired from the stage, aroused the jealous anger of the daughter of a circus proprietor. The latter taunted her rival by remarking at a conversation, in the hearing of all present:

"After all you were only a circus rider; my father recollects you well."

"I daresay he does," said the ex-actress, unabashed, and smiling sweetly, "I daresay he does, my dear; he used to chalk my shoes."

The brutal Judge Jeffreys, who, after the defeat of Monmouth's Rebellion in 1685, held what is known as "the bloody assize," once exclaimed while a witness, having a very long beard, was giving evidence:

"Why, man, your conscience stretches as far as your beard."

"Well, my Lord," calmly replied the witness, "if consciences are to be measured by beards, then your Lordship has none at all."

If Lord Bacon was the author of the exquisite lines on "the quality of mercy," his practice was somewhat at variance with his precepts; for on the trial for sheep-stealing of a poor wretch named Hogg, the latter begged for mercy, making at the same time the grim jest that, great as the judge was, there might be a kinship between them, as he was *Hogg* and the judge was *Bacon*. To this the judge replied pleasantly: "My friend, you and I cannot be kindred unless you be hanged, for hog is not *Bacon* until it is hung." He then proceeded to pass sentence of death.

Among witty retorts, that of the late Bishop of Winchester should find a place. Having refused a lift in a friend's carriage who warned him of an approaching storm, the Bishop walked quickly on. Shortly after the rain began to fall fast. As he picked his way along the muddy road he was overtaken by his friend who, seated in his carriage, called out:

"Ah, Wilberforce, 'How blest is he who ne'er consents by ill advice to walk.' The voice of the Bishop rang out at once with the rebuke:

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits where men profanely talk."

A nobleman, whom Scribe, the French dramatist, thought to wither up with a burning sarcasm, turned the tables very neatly upon him. The nobleman, anxious to gain a cheap reputation in the literary world, wrote thus to the author of "La Dame Blanche":

"Sir—I have the honor to offer myself as collaborator with you in the composition of a drama, on condition that my name and yours appear together on the title-page—you, of course, alone writing the play, and I alone defraying all the expenses."

Scribe dashed off the following reply:

"Sir—In my carriage it has never been my custom to harness together a horse and an ass. I am therefore unable to accept your very kind offer."

To which the nobleman replied as follows:

"Monsieur Scribe—I received your letter refusing my offer to unite our literary labors. You are at liberty not to understand your own interests, but not to allow yourself to call me a horse."

It is proverbially dangerous to play with edged tools, and those two friends of Hood's must have keenly felt the cutting satire of the great wit. Replying to the badinage of one of them who exclaimed "I say, Hood, we were trying to decide when you came in whether you are a fool or a knave," Hood immediately took an arm of each, and, standing in the middle, said in a confidential tone:

"Well, the fact is I'm between both." This rejoinder has been ascribed to Sheridan.

A young barrister, holding his first brief, had the misfortune to conduct the plaintiff's case before Lord Ellenborough. Overcome by fright, the nervous counsel could only stammer out:

"My unfortunate client, my Lord—I say my *unfortunate* client—"

"Yes, Mr. —," said his Lordship, in suave tones, "pray, proceed. So far the Court is with you."

Jerrold, as he tells us, was once "worried to death" by the vain attempts of a certain gentleman to catch a favorite air from "Faust." After repeated efforts, during which Jerrold was driven to the verge of distraction, the musical bore exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me! It's that lovely air in the first act. It always carries me away!"

"Does it?" said Jerrold, "then I wish to heaven you could catch it now!"

Of the nature of "the retort courteous," and of "the reproof valiant," was that dignified reply of one of Louis XIV.'s veteran officers, who, importunate for promotion, so irritated the Grand Monarque that the latter exclaimed, in the hearing of the assembly:

"You are the most troublesome officer in my service!"

The color rose to the bronzed cheek of the old soldier, as he quietly replied:

"Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once." W. G. SMYTHIES.

THE GREATEST LIVING MASTER OF THE VIOLIN.

CESAR THOMSON, the great Belgian violinist, and probably the greatest in the world to-day, made his first appearance before an American audience on Tuesday evening, October 30, in Carnegie Hall. Only to look at Mr. Thomson suffices to persuade you that he is an artist, for inspiration and refinement are stamped upon all his features. He has the lofty brow, the abundant wavy hair, the deep shining eyes, the delicately modeled nose and dark pointed beard which Nature seems to love to bestow on men of his ilk. To complete the analogy, he is of slight rather than robust build, and has long, poetic, nervous hands.

Mr. Thomson's appearance and the reputation that had preceded him to this country were amply borne out by his wonderful manipulation of the king of instruments. He played Bruch's Concerto, followed, in response to a vociferous encore, by one of Sarasate's Spanish dances. His second number was variations from Paganini, in which he displayed such marvels of execution that the audience became wildly excited and clamored until the *muscle* appeared again with his violin and gave an exquisite little berceuse by Lemouroux. In these four selections, so different in character, Mr. Thomson displayed the vast range of his capabilities to signal advantage. Tenderness and lightness are his strongest points and those that wrought most on his audience.

"A COMMON STORY."

THIS clever and amusing novel by Gontcharoff, which has been specially translated into English for ONCE A WEEK Library, will no doubt provoke a variety of opinions from those who read it. One hardly knows whether to be most pleased or angry with the author for the merciless fidelity to life with which he has chronicled the experiences of a talented but unsophisticated young gentleman, who goes to St. Petersburg from the country to make his acquaintance with the great world of society. The gradual, and indeed painful, awakening of the hero to a true sense of his own worth, the revelations of character which each day's experience bring him, the humiliations and disenchantments through which he learns the complex code of a man of the world—all this makes deeply interesting reading. But though the real purpose of the book is profoundly serious, dealing as it does with the most important and fascinating problems of human life, the rich vein of humor which runs through all its pages saves it from even a hint of dullness or solemnity. When the scene shifts from town to country, the contrast is so well marked that one cannot but be struck with the wide range of the author's knowledge of human nature. He is as much at home in kitchen and barnyard as among the clubs and in the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg. His characters fit admirably into their surroundings, and dwell in the reader's mind long after as types not easily to be forgotten. Every one may not agree with M. Gontcharoff's conclusions about life as expressed in his final disposition of the hero, but no one can deny to him the praise he has earned as an entertaining storyteller and an uncommonly good writer. The book is warmly recommended to subscribers as one in every respect equal to some of the best novels that have yet appeared in the Library. Part One of "A Common Story" will be published with No. 10, Vol. XIV.

The proprietor begs also to announce a new story by Edgar Saltus, who introduces rather a novel situation in "La Belle Marquise." A more extended reference will be published later on.



THE BOYS PART IN THE ELECTION.



LOOKING FOR COLONIZERS IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.



A NATURALIZATION BUREAU.



VOTERS BROWN STONE DISTRICT.



VOTERS TENEMENT DISTRICT.



ENTHUSIASTIC PARTISANS



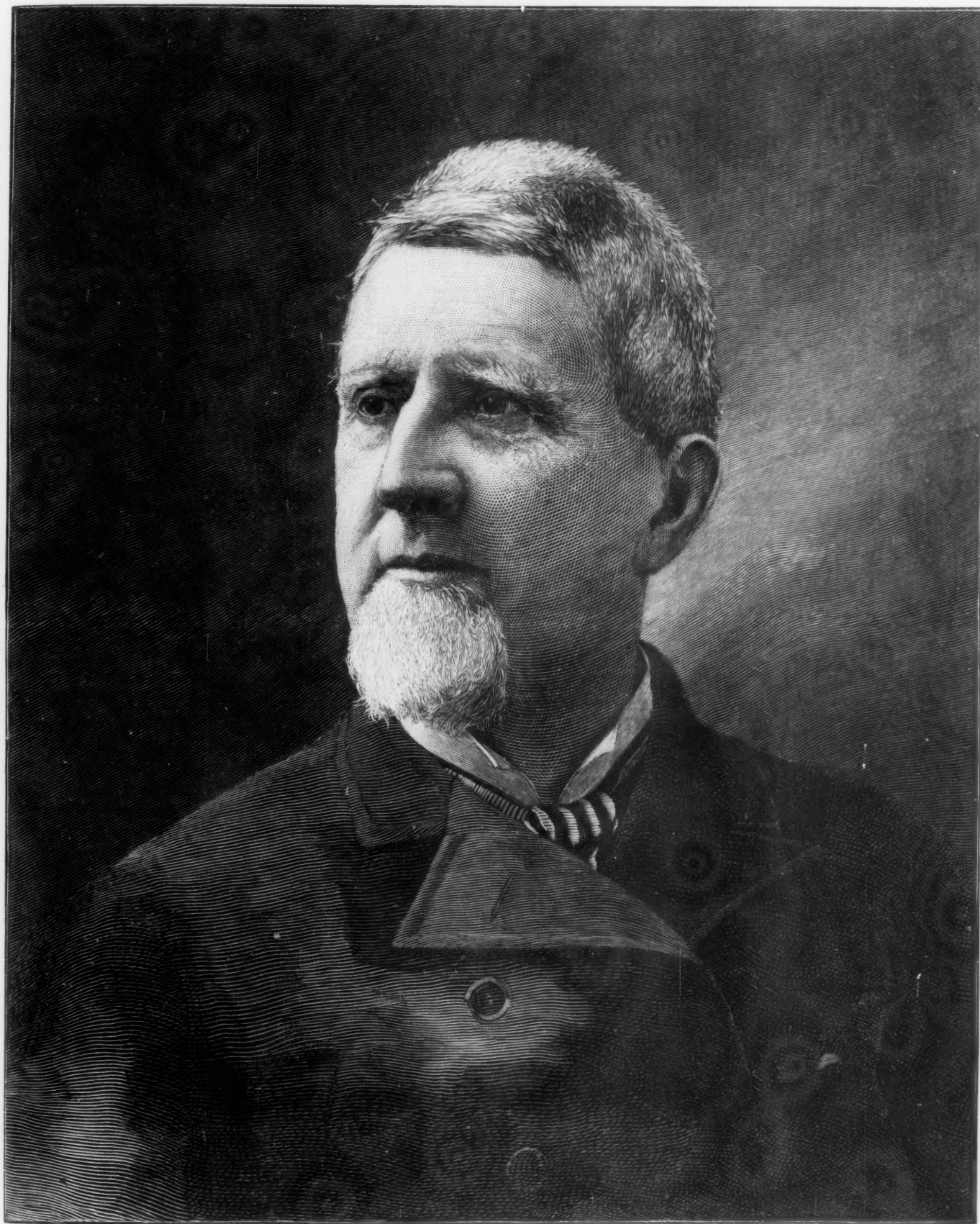
COUNTING THE BALLOTS— AT A POLLING PLACE.



AN ELECTION BOOTH.

BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by C. UPRAM.)



JOHN H. STARIN, A MAN OF TO-DAY.

ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

ALEXANDER III., Czar of all the Russias, died at Livadia at 1.30 P.M. on November 1. Both Dr. Leyden and Dr. Zacharin, who had wrangled over his deathbed as to the superiority of their respective futile methods of treatment, had agreed for a week previous in the opinion that recovery was impossible and that it was only a question of hours when death would seize their imperial patient.

Alexander was born on March 10, 1845, so that he had lived almost fifty years and reigned thirteen. We have been told variously that it was consumption, dropsy, cancer, even secret poison that killed him. But there is a deeper diagnosis—it was the daily dread of assassination that filled those thirteen years. Picture to yourself the hourly menace of a horrible death for yourself and those most dear to you and you may conceive something of the strain to which the Little Father was subjected.

The Czar, who received scant foreign adulation during the vigorous years of his life, had a surfeit of it in his last moments, and the press throughout Europe did not even wait for his demise, but began his fulsome eulogies as soon as the fatal nature of his illness became known. Why? Because of his determined Peace Policy. Perhaps more than any other one man he held the European dogs of war in leash during his reign. If there is any other reason it has not been recorded. Thousands have trodden the dreary road to Siberia in chains and other thousands, without one crime charged against them, have been persecuted, beaten, robbed, driven to death and exile because they were Jews, during the autocracy of Alexander, in the nineteenth century. Yet let me repeat my statement of last week, that "it is hard to estimate the character of a man so dominated by precedent as Alexander III."

There is a touch of pathos in the words with which the royal sufferer refused to go to Corfu: "I wish to die in my own country." His dearest dying wish was

the betrothal of his son and successor with the Princess Alix, and it was gratified. The grotesque phantom of a Polish dancing girl on the throne of the Romanoffs was mercifully spared him. He had enough to trouble him without that. His second son, Grand Duke George, was dying at the time of his father's death and the Czarina was ill. It is to be hoped that the rumor of his own poisoning never reached his ears. Neither that nor the exultant manifesto of the Russian Nihilists in Switzerland, threatening his successor with their deadly vengeance, could have tended to ease his dying hours.

The life of Alexander III. is yet to be written, and it will be long before a true picture is held up to public view. Court life in Russia is so permeated by intrigue, so veiled with secrecy, that the world in general can have only the vaguest idea of what it really is. Some Court functionary who is writing his memoirs now, but who will not dare to publish them while he lives, may give another generation a closer glimpse of the strange picture than we can obtain.—(See front page.)

THREE PICTURES.

(After Louis Morris.)

IN SWITZERLAND.

I.—"MORNING."

White peaks made glorious with crowns of gold,
Glad waters, radiant with rosy gleams,
And, where the night-mists 'mong the mountains rolled,
Lost clouds, that linger like remembered dreams.

II.—"NOON."

Blue skies that bend above the tranquil lake,
And sloping hills encircling it with green;
Soft winds afar, that with light fingers wake
The sleeping ripples on the water's sheen.

III.—"NIGHT."

High heads of mountains, veiled in sweeping mist
Where through the stars peer dimly, like sad eyes;
Bright paths below, where laughing Larks kiss
With sudden silver every ripple's rise.

ROBERT J. COLLIER.

DR. CUYLER'S DISCOVERY.

"IT'S been like Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn,' this rainy night," laughed one of the guests in the big summer hotel. "We've had the Landlord's Tale, the Musician's Tale, the Teetotaler's Tale, the Anti-Prohibitionist's Tale, and now we'd like to hear the Doctor's Tale."

Dr. Radcliffe, a large man, with small eyes full of mellow hazel sparkles, leaned back in his chair and slowly began:

"It's a good while ago, now. I'd come on to New York from Connecticut, and the town wasn't precisely pressing for admission in multitudes at the door of my little Nineteenth Street office. Not far away from me was the handsome house of the successful Dr. Cuyler. I'm afraid I sometimes felt rather envious as I passed its polished plate-glass doors. Would I ever be doing as famously as that?"

"Once when I said something of the sort to my new friend and fellow-physician, Emmet Averill, he gave a laugh full of scorn."

"If you ever do gain his practice, John Radcliffe," he said, "I'm sure you'll be far less of a humbug."

"Humbug!" I repeated. "Then you really think him one?"

"Whereupon I found what in human nature it is always depressing to find—a sullen, ardent, palpitant, cancerous hate. Some people said that Emmet Averill hated Philip Cuyler from sheer envy, and that alone, since they had both begun their medical careers at about the same time, one having reached heights of success and one still biding in the lowlands of semi-failure. Others told quite a different story, asserting that some affair of the heart, of passion for a certain woman in earlier years, had long been at the root of the whole detestation."

"The man's entire reputation," Averill declared, "is based on a showy and flashy way he has of announcing some new grand remedy about once every two years and writing tricky articles concerning it in pamphlets and newspapers. You've heard, haven't you, of his last miraculous discovery?"

"You mean," I said, "the antidote for an overdose of morphine or laudanum?"

"Yes." As he spoke, Emmet Averill's pale, firm face seemed to grow paler. It was a face that had always interested me. Its eyes, dark and thoughtful, had often held for me a brooding, melancholy charm, full of curious query and search. Then this expression would vanish, and I would forget it. Again he would look that somewhat ordinary student of medicine for whom the world had always accepted him.

"He now tapped me on the breast, a bitter smile flickering along his lips. 'Radcliffe,' he said, 'there was never a grosser fraud than this last announcement. He offers to make an exhibition in the presence of twenty New York co-practitioners of good standing. Any such physician who chooses to apply before a certain date next month (the 18th, I believe it is) may witness the alleged miraculous qualities of this antidote, provided a man or woman may be found willing to take the tested opiate then and there—enough, he states, to kill an elephant inside of ten minutes; for these are his sensational words.'

"The whole proceeding," I assented, 'surely has a flavor of clap-net. Shall you be one of the applying physicians?"

"M—yes," he answered, musingly.

"And so shall I," were my own next words. "By the way," I added, "you and Dr. Cuyler are still on speaking terms?"

"Speaking terms?" Averill echoed. "Why, yes. I know nothing against the man. That 'know' of his had an odd accent, but I gave not a sign of having remarked it."

"Do you think," I asked, "that any volunteer can be found to swallow the poison?"

"Oh, the world is full of fools, Radcliffe."

"True enough. But if the drug kills the volunteer?"

"It won't. Have no fear of that."

"Do you mean, Averill—?"

"I mean that he'll manage somehow. That's why I'm going to appear among his council of twenty."

"You actually believe, then—?"

"I believe the man is capable of any adroit fraud in order to increase his already radiant medical repute. And that's my reason for not missing the whole theatrical pow-wow, if I can so manage."

"He did manage, and I also. But between then and the 18th of the following month I was called out of town for several weeks by the severe illness of a cherished sister in my former Connecticut home. On returning to New York I was just in time for the quasi-public trial of Dr. Cuyler's 'discovery.'

"He received us (we numbered precisely twenty) in his large and tasteful drawing-rooms. He looked very handsome and stately as he greeted us, with his erect, supple frame and his brilliant, icy-blue eyes. He had a face which I always thought capable of looking both cruel and proud, though I had never seen it except when amiable and gracious of aspect. We all realized that he was to-day conscious of how immense a professional advance for him would mean the verification of his

avowal. In those days the seal of foreign medical approval was of more significance than now. Everybody present was well aware that ambition had long past ruled his career. I recalled Averill's words about 'humbug' being sure to underlie the forthcoming exploit. I did not see how this could be possible after a few calm and lucid sentences had left Dr. Cuyler's lips. He stood beside a large table on which were placed various chemicals. All of these he expressed his willingness that we should hereafter examine and determine upon as ingredients of the antidote. I looked round for my friend, Averill, but saw him only at quite a distance, standing near one of the doors. It struck me that he was unwontedly pale.

"Please bear in mind, gentlemen," Dr. Cuyler's quiet yet bell-like tones proceeded, "that I am prepared after the experiment has taken place, to conceal no explanatory detail of it. I shall give to the world—and only too gladly—what I believe will prove a rich blessing." Here he took from a smaller table two open glass vessels. One contained a greenish fluid; the other held nearly a finger's depth of fluid which he affirmed to be laudanum, and which certainly had the dark hue of that drug. If really the poison he affirmed it, no living creature could possibly have taken it with any after hope of life. This latter vessel he handed to the physician nearest him, who smelt it, dipped a point of his handkerchief in it, and then passed it to others near him. When returned to him, Dr. Cuyler, in sight of us all, poured a little of the so-named laudanum into a third glass.

"This I reserve for future scientific analysis and proof," he said, very placidly. "And I now await the subject who has volunteered to pass through the experiment. I can only say to you, gentlemen, that I have not the faintest idea of even the sex of this subject. And I thus assert on my word of honor. For as most of you are aware, a certain committee agreed to take charge of that whole very important question, and even concerning the names of the members who compose that committee, I swear to you I am wholly ignorant."

"Here followed a profound silence, and I, for one, confess that I felt my heart-beats quicken."

"Presently the door near Averill opened, and a veiled female figure clad entirely in black moved steadily toward Dr. Cuyler's table. Her face was but vaguely visible as she stretched out her hand."

"Dr. Cuyler paused for a moment before he gave her the poison. 'But your veil—?' he began, objectingly."

"Afterward," came her quick whisper. She still held her hand outstretched.

"He started, frowned suspiciously for an instant, and then shrugged his shoulders. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'it's all the same, I suppose. The committee is responsible.'

"She caught the glassful of dark liquid the next instant, passed it beneath her veil, and soon replaced it, quite empty, on the table. A kind of audible shudder crept through the assemblage. Before it ceased she and flung back her veil with both hands. I have rarely seen so cadaverous and ghastly a face as that which she revealed."

"Her sunken yet burning eyes looked straight at Dr. Cuyler. He had lifted the other vessel containing the antidote."

"Come," he said, "you must swallow this now. I maintain that it will cure long after unconsciousness has come; but now, in this first experiment, I prefer—"

"She seized the second vessel and flung it shatteringly on the floor."

"Don't you know me, Philip Cuyler?" she cried. "I'm Margaret Sherlock whom you grossly wronged under an assumed name and then vilely deserted. This is the vengeance I take on you—to die by your own hand, here, publicly. They have my papers, proofs, testimony . . . Here she wheeled round and pointed toward the door where Averill stood. But in another second she reeled. Some one caught her as she fell. I think her death-sleep came instantly. It was wonderful that after having swallowed that tremendous draught a creature so frail could even have spoken those few accusing words."

"Meanwhile Philip Cuyler had sunk into the chair just behind him. His face turned livid and his eyes closed. . . I never saw him again after that dramatic day, when all his 'respectability' and 'position' crumbled into ashes. He lived on for many months, but a paralytic shock which eventually proved fatal had followed the guilty consternation wrought by what he heard and saw."

"Afterward, of course, I talked with Averill. 'You tell me,' I said, 'that you still believe some fraud was intended? What could it have been? Admit that the dark fluid was merely a clever sort of solution—which I doubt. Admit that pure excitement killed this wretched, moribund woman—which I also doubt. How, then, do you account for Dr. Cuyler having chosen to bring about the whole exhibition?'"

"Easily," answered Averill, "though I confess that the matter at first puzzled me. Say it had all been a grand success. What new pose would he next have assumed? A conscience-stricken one, I'm convinced. 'Oh, no,' he would have said; 'I find that I cannot possibly give further disclosures concerning my antidote.' And why?—his adherents would have questioned him—for all noteworthy humbugs have admirers and adherents. 'Because,' he would have answered, with a fine gesture of factitious modesty, 'I have lately grown confident that publicly to call attention to the fearful efficacy of any poison like that of opium might give rise to countless future suicides.' And then his listeners would have been deeply impressed, and his 'wonderful talents' would have been more widely discussed. Ah, that is—or rather that *was*—the man! Be sure I'm right."

"But I was not sure, and have never been . . . 'How about the laudanum reserved by him,' I asked, 'for future scientific analysis?'"

"Oh, he'd have changed that to *real* laudanum by some clever sleight of hand."

"I shook my head; I could not believe in Averill's attempted elucidation; it struck me as too frigidly cynical."

"Partially changing the current of our talk I then said: 'And so you tell me that almost by accident you (as one of the committee) found that dying, emaciated creature in the—Hospital?'"

"Yes."

"And those papers of which she spoke?"

"They made her story as plain as day. You see, all had happened a good while ago in another town from this. She had quite lost track of him. And she had been roaming about from place to place, ever since he deserted her. I had for years believed her dead."

"You!" I exclaimed, a light breaking upon me.

"Even there in the hospital I did not recognize her, she was so fearfully changed."

"I grasped his arm. 'You!' I exclaimed. 'Why, then—'"

"She was my betrothed wife," he answered. "Our marriage-day was fixed at the time she mysteriously disappeared."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE DOYLE FAMILY.

THE presence in the United States of Dr. A. Conan Doyle has naturally occasioned considerable newspaper comment. It was to be expected that much would be said concerning a visitor whose writings have gained for him in America a celebrity equal to that he enjoys in the United Kingdom. Among the many recently published statements respecting the author of "Sherlock Holmes," one which particularly attracted the writer's attention appeared a few days ago in a morning paper. Dr. Doyle was there referred to as being "one of a group of gifted Scotchmen." Though this may be true enough, it might lead the average reader to conclude that Dr. Doyle belonged altogether to Scotland. Ireland, however, has her share in whatever of prestige attaches to having been the native land of one who has so distinctly left his mark upon current fictional literature.

The Doyle family is an Irish one, its most distinguished member, Richard Doyle, the inimitable humorous artist and cartoonist, and near relative of Conan Doyle, having been born in Dublin. "Dick Doyle," as he was known to his familiars, was connected with *Punch* in its early days, and not only did he design the original, and present, cover of that periodical, but was also one of the most highly paid and valued artists in the service of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, its founders. He produced a number of illustrated books in addition to his work upon the paper itself. A devoted member of the Catholic Church, and a man of strong opinions upon certain matters, he resigned his lucrative position with *Punch* under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

Punch was then publishing a series of cartoons in which Cardinal Wiseman, the spiritual head of the Catholics in England, was severely lampooned. The Cardinal, who had much of the statesman in his composition, was a prominent figure, constantly before the public in connection with economic questions where secular and religious interests joined issue. *Punch* had occasion to disagree with many of the Cardinal's views, and its dissent found expression in the cartoons just referred to. Richard Doyle became incensed because of the continuance of *Punch's* pictorial attacks upon the Cardinal, and, as he could not interfere with the paper's policy, resigned from its staff altogether.

The writer remembers having, as a boy, delighted in the picture books by Richard Doyle. They were all issued from *Punch's* office. Among them were a clever travesty upon "Pepys's Diary," representing the quaint chronicler wandering through modern London, attending public and social functions and amusements of all kinds; "The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson," humorously depicting the adventures of three British tourists on the Continent, and an amusing series of outline sketches, "Manners and Customs of Ye English."

Another member of the family, Henry Doyle, is curator of the National Gallery of Paintings in Ireland at Dublin, and in that capacity is intrusted with the expenditure of the Government grant for the maintenance of the Gallery and the purchase of new pictures.

THOMAS DONNELLY.

"ONCE A WEEK"

Horoscope Coupon.

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Year. Month. Day of Month. Hour.

Date of birth, _____

State, or Country.

Town.

Where born, _____

Sex, _____

As Christ has so many crosses to carry, is it not right that you should make yours as light for Him as possible?

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



IN the Paris salon hung a picture by a celebrated English painter. It made no sensation. It was neither large enough, small enough nor glaring enough to arouse the idle curiosity of the crowd, the talent-pride of the amateur or the technical sensationalism of the trained critic. Neither in color nor in composition did it show a trace of that modern extravagance that too often commands attention without deserving it.

People glanced at it as they passed, with a sympathetic expression that showed the subject was familiar and easily understood.

It represented, to the casual eye, two lovers who had fallen out. People smiled at they thought of those little quarrels so vehement and so short that always wind up in a well-let us call it a "make-up." And yet this commonplace picture had its special visitors, who came one at a time. As you approached the well-known corner, you would usually find a solitary person apparently rapt in contemplation. You would find at different times all sorts of people standing there; but they all had the same peculiar expression of countenance. The picture seemed to cast a faded, yellowish reflection upon them.

As you came up, the gazer would probably move away. Only one person at a time could enjoy that work of art. That person must be entirely alone with it, in order to be entirely alone with himself or herself.

The walled garden has an open summer-house in one corner, right up against the wall. It is a simple structure of green lattice-work, forming an arch backed by the wall. A wild-vine covers the whole summer-house, and it twines itself from the left side over the arched roof and droops its slender branches on the right.

It is late autumn. The summer-house has lost its thick roof of foliage. Only the youngest and most delicate tendrils of the wild-vine have any leaves left. Before they fall, departing summer lavishes on them all the color it has left; like light sprays of red and yellow flowers, they hang yet a while to enrich the garden with autumn's melancholy splendor.

The fallen leaves are scattered all around, and right before the summer-house the wind has whirled the liveliest of them into a neat little round cairn.

The trees are already leafless. On a naked branch sits the little lone garden-warbler with its rust-brown breast—like a withered leaf, poor thing! left hanging. It is repeating untiringly a little fragment which it remembers of its springtime melody.

The only thriving thing in the whole picture is the ivy; for ivy, like sorrow, is fresh both summer and winter, taking on but a deeper shade, alas, from the world's coldness. It comes creeping along with its soft feelers; it thrusts itself into the tiniest chinks; and not until it has grown strong and spread itself out wide do we realize that it cannot be rooted up, but will strangle whatever it has laid its clutches on.

Ivy, however, is like well-bred sorrow: it cloaks its devastations with fair and glossy leaves, as poor mortals—and rich ones, too—must wear a glossy mask of smiles, feigning to be unaware of the ivy-clad ruins amid which their lot is cast.

In the middle of the open summer-house sits a young girl on a rustic chair; both hands rest in her lap. Her head is bent, and a strange, half-startled expression is in her face. Not anger or vexation or sulkeness. It seems to be bitter, crushing disappointment that has come upon her unawares. Something in her soul is about to slip away from her, and she cannot hold fast to it—indeed, it seems that now it is not worth keeping, as though in her folded hands she held withering leaves.

The man who is leaning with one hand upon her chair is beginning to understand that the situation is graver than he thought. He has done all he can to get the quarrel adjusted that was so trivial in its origin.

"But you know," we hear this pictured lover say, "that at heart we love each other so much."

"Then why," retorts the girl, with the withering leaves in her clasped hands—"why do we quarrel so easily? and why do we speak so bitterly and unkindly to each other?"

"Why, my dear! the whole thing was the merest trifle from the first."

"That's just it! Do you remember what we said to each other? How we vied with each other in trying to find the word we knew would be the most wounding? Oh, to think that we used our knowledge of each other's heart to find out the tenderest points, where an unkind word would strike home! And this we call love—we dared to call love!"

"My dear, don't take it so solemnly," he answers. "People may be ever so fond of each other and yet disagree at times."

"No, no!" she cries, "there must be a fondness—don't call it love; I hate the word now, and the withering, blighting, hollow, selfish thing itself—there must be a fondness for which discord is impossible or else—or else I have been mistaken, and what we have been calling love is nothing but—"

He interrupts her eagerly. "Was he losing her? Had she already lost him?" he asks himself, bitterly, sadly, perhaps half resigned. And he depicts in warm and eloquent words the feeling which ennobles humanity in teaching us to bear with each other's weaknesses; which confers upon us the highest bliss, since, in spite of all petty disagreements, it unites us by the fairest ties.

She has only half listened to him. Her eyes have wandered over the fading garden; she has inhaled the heavy atmosphere of dying vegetation—and she has been thinking of the springtime, of hope, of faith in him, of that all-powerful love, real love, which was now dying like an autumn flower.

"Withering leaves—withered leaves," says she, quietly. The startled look has gone. A new picture arises. We see her scatter with her foot all the beautiful leaves which the wind has so diligently heaped together.

She goes up the avenue leading to the house; he follows close behind her. He is silent, for he finds not a word to say. A feeling of uneasy languor comes over him; he asks himself whether he could overtake her, or whether she is a hundred miles away.

She walks with bent head, looking down at the flower-beds. There stand the asters like torn paper flowers on withered potato-stalks. The dahlias hang their stupid, crinkled heads upon their broken stems, and the holly-hocks show small stunted buds at the top, and great, wet, rotting flowers clustering down their stalks.

And disappointment and bitterness cut deep into the young heart. As the flowers are dying, she is ripening for the winter of life!

So they both disappear up the avenue. But the empty chair remains in the half-withered summer-house, while the wind busies itself again piling up the leaves in a little cairn.

And in the course of time we all come—each in his turn—to seat ourselves in the empty chair in a corner of the garden, and gaze on a little cairn of withered leaves. But, in the cool and deliberate autumn, may we not ask ourselves—Is it absolutely necessary that this should be so, or that it should be so common an experience in human life?

MEN'S EVENING DRESS.

MANY attempts have, during late years, been made from time to time, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, to alter our existing evening dress, but the black jacket with its roll collar has alone found toleration, and that only on a few occasions, such as at a quiet dinner in the country or one's own club, or in the lounge at a music-hall. The endeavor to resuscitate knee-breeches and silk stockings has died a natural death; and a few bold spirits who used to affect a blue dress-coat with high velvet collar and brass buttons underwent much ridicule in vain. The world of dandydom was once electrified with a rumor that the *Heir-Apparent* had commanded a velvet dress-coat, but the report probably had its origin in the eagerness of the tailors for a consummation no doubt by them devoutly to be wished.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy," is excellent advice at the present day, and especially in the case of our dress clothes. The dandy makes the blunder of omitting the second half of it. It is his joy to deck himself with black satin or watered silk facings, instead of with plain but rich silk; he has been known to wear waistcoats of white satin, and even dress-ties of the same gaudy material, nor is the black watered silk waistcoat unknown on him. His cloth has ventured into an attempt at a pattern with ribs and even squares. He stuck at one time scarlet and other gaudy-colored silk handkerchiefs into the bosom of his waistcoat; he sported, and perhaps still sports, red socks, or black hose so brilliantly embroidered as to be almost offensively conspicuous. The enormous space of his shirt-front has exhibited at various times diaper work, spots arranged in geometrical patterns, and effeminate embroidery. Even the material of his ties has been as largely patterned as possible, and vile attempts have been made to edge the bow with black, after the fashion of mourning writing-paper. His jewelry has been as pretentious as he can make it, and his centre stud in size and appearance has resembled a Catherine-wheel. We have even seen such a stud which consisted of a minute watch surrounded by diamonds.

On the other hand, there is ample choice in the material and fashion of dress clothes without descending into the realms of fancy. The broadcloth which, some twenty years ago, was almost universal, has now almost entirely been superseded by other stuffs. Perhaps the best known and the most popular is a twilled cloth of various degrees of fineness or breadth of rib. The next most common at the moment, especially for winter suits, is the soft smooth cloth called by the tailors "vicuna." In addition to these there are many other excellent fabrics of which we do not pretend to know the names. A white waistcoat should not, of course, be worn on every possible occasion, as is the fond idea of many of our young men, and there is no need to search for a more remarkable stuff for it than simple duck, drill or piqué. Similarly the well-dressed man will be content to have his black waistcoats to match his coats.

Dress coats, like all coats at the present time, are inclined just now to be long rather than short. It is in the shape of their collars that you will find the most variety. The silk-covered roll collar is always in fashion, more or less—at the moment rather less—except in the case of the dress jacket, for which it seems the only collar at all desirable. The collar with a lapel is of at least four sorts. In its simplest form it has no silk facing at all; next, it possesses an inside of silk with a cloth edging and a cloth collar; thirdly, it has a cloth collar but the whole lapel of silk; and lastly, both collar and lapel are entirely silk-covered, as in the case of the roll collar.

A dress coat has long ceased to button. Consequently, though it still possesses a couple of buttons on each side, it is often destitute of any buttonholes, excepting the lapel buttonhole, and this has, of course, no corresponding button. Buttons on the sleeve have of late years varied from four, or even six, downward. If you are anxious to be up to date, we believe that a single one is considered correct at the present moment. Fashion also ordains that the dress jacket may have an outside dress pocket, but that the coat may not. Waistcoats have now for some time been worn double-breasted, but as fashion is always eager for change in such trifles, it may be that the single variety will soon be again at the top.

In the matter of trousers, fashion has no choice but to follow the every-day shape. There are signs, however, that the girth from the knee downward has now a tendency to diminish. At intervals she tolerates braid down the seams of the legs. This notion was no doubt originally borrowed from the military. Its most recent expression took the form of two strips of narrow braid with a space between them. But such a mode was too fanciful to last long in these times of simplicity.

The dress shirt, after its excursions into piqué, has returned for a while to its primitive simplicity. Its next burst-out will probably be in the direction of plaits. A single plait is already not uncommon.

In evening ties black is a fanciful rather than an accepted sign of the wearer's being in mourning, and black silk is more tolerable than black satin. The days of the butterfly white tie are numbered, but the return to a rectangular bow will only be accomplished gradually. The pattern, if any, of the fabric should be too small to be easily visible. Some foolish person remarked when Autolycus condemned the made-up tie, that it would be equally absurd to condemn a made-up coat or shirt. Autolycus, however, is quite ready to do so. As a matter of fact, there is a detestable shirt, with a sham front, which fastens at the back. The only coat he has heard of which laces or fastens at the back is the strait waistcoat.

Only the flower in the buttonhole remains. The fashion for this adornment to the dress coat waxes and wanes. When everybody is wearing a flower, those who wish to be smart leave it off, and do not resume it until the vulgar crowd has persuaded itself that the buttonhole is out of date. Certain dandies, not to say mashers, affect a flower at all times, regardless of any fashion in the matter, but really well-dressed folk have exhibited a barren buttonhole for some time past.

TORTURE IN CHINA.

CHINA maintains to-day the horrible system of legal tortures that were abolished in Europe many generations ago. A peculiarity of her penal code is that the magistrates and soldiers of districts in which crimes are committed are exposed to repeated floggings if the criminals are not apprehended. The result is that the criminal is nearly always found. Sometimes, it is true, he protests his innocence, but as perjury is punishable by clubbing on the mouth, the prisoner generally conceives that "silence is golden," and acts accordingly. The bamboo is the great moral panacea of the Celestial Empire, and nearly all offenders, in whatever social rank, are punished by flagellation. The highest State official is liable to be whipped like a common thief, and a general officer of the army may receive fifty lashes and resume his command.

In case of trivial breaches of the law, such as drunkenness, cheating, fighting, pilfering or insolence to a superior, any magistrate is empowered to administer summary punishment. A Mandarin of Justice holds court morning and evening in his own house, attended by his secretary, the prosecutor or informer, and other inferior officers. The testimony is taken down by the secretary in black ink, signed by the magistrate in red ink and sealed by him with wax of the same color. A number of small sticks tipped with red are placed on the table, and these the Mandarin casts on the floor to designate the amount of punishment to be inflicted, each stick signifying five blows. The culprit awaits the verdict on his hands and knees, as shown in the picture. Sentence is always followed by immediate punishment, after which the victim is released. A thick piece of split bamboo or rattan is used for whipping. The first strokes raise large pustules, which are broken by subsequent blows, and form a mass of bloody wounds. The flogging may be inflicted on any portion of the body, and frequently, when severe, results in crippling the victim for life.

Another punishment is the cangue, a movable wooden pillory fastened about the neck. Its weight lacerates the shoulders and neck, and the chief torture is inflicted by swarms of flies and mosquitoes that feast unmolested on the lacerations. "Stretching" is a minor torture that consists of slowly pulling the arms until they are almost dislocated. The "Chain Coil" is far more terrible, as will be seen in the picture. In this ordeal the culprit's arms are bound, and supported by two torturers, he is forced to kneel with bared legs on a coil of rusted chains. A pole is placed in the bend of his knees, and on this the demons at his side stand and stamp, pressing the raw flesh and fractured bones of the victim on the jagged iron.

Beheading is the common punishment for murder, and the accompanying illustration was made from a photograph of a recent execution of this kind. For parricide, matricide, or any peculiarly atrocious murder, "Ling Chih"—meaning ignominious and slow death—is reserved. This sometimes takes the form of "slicing" the victim's flesh off in minute pieces until death ensues. At other times it consigns him to the "cage," equally dreaded in the Flowery Empire. This instrument of torture is provided with a wooden collar which holds the sufferer's head outside of the "cage," as shown in the picture. It is of such a length that the toes of the inmate just reach the floor, allowing him to relieve for a time the fearful strain on head and neck. But only for a time. The passers-by are prohibited under severe penalty from giving food or water to the condemned wretch, and after one or two days he generally goes raving mad and strangles in his ineffectual efforts for release. Sometimes, but not often, reason remains until the end, in which case the pitiable but unpitied object, burning with thirst, starving for food, with only the power to think and suffer, finally succumbs. The overwrought muscles of the toes refuse to support him, his limbs relax, and the limp mass of humanity hangs there till slow and awkward strangulation ends all.

The scene of execution in Peking is called "the vegetable market-place," and fifteen executioners hold their office by hereditary right. They are not looked upon with abhorrence as in Western countries, but are considered to follow an honorable vocation. They receive half a tael, amounting to about a dollar, for each head. The five execution swords, which have been in use for more than two hundred years, are kept at the house of the Chief Executioner. They are ranged in order in scabbards on a small table, in front of which is a cleansing cauldron. They are clumsy weapons with broad blades and thick edges, but with one of them a skillful executioner can sever a head at a single blow.—(See page 13.)

The bronze statue of Dr. J. Marion Sims in Bryant Park is one of the very few that have been erected to members of the medical fraternity. Another is that of the late Dr. Gallaudet, at the National Capital.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now Death, the mighty Solist, hath slain
 "The Autocrat"—yet none is heard to voice
 The very "The tyrant's gone, let all rejoice!"
 And thousands breathe a sigh of heartfelt pain.

Oh, gentle Autocrat, that ne'er again
 Our hearts shall bow before thy mild attack,
 That back in silence or sleep, in dreams,
 We drink the magic nectar of thy brain.

Thou gavest us laughter, joy, and calm repose
 From haunting cares, and to our social life
 Brought precious moments, teemed with pure delight,
 That lured our thoughts from worldly care and strife.
 Shed thou no tears, sweet tribute to his worth,
 But bless the power benign that gave him birth.

—FRANK I. CLARKE.

WINDSOR, Oct. 8, 1894.

AN HOUR WITH DR. HOLMES.

THE wish to speak lovingly of dear friends who have passed out of our lives is dictated by one of the most natural impulses of the human heart. Dr. Holmes was a friend to so many of us that no excuse is needed for recalling words that he spoke and scenes with which he was associated while yet he belonged to us. The writer, therefore, offers this little reminiscence of an hour spent with the gentle Autocrat in the summer of 1894, confident that it will please many readers, as the faint but faithful echo of a voice that, alas! is still forever new.

We had heard for years of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's witty characterization of his summer home as "Beverly-by-the-Railroad," and were quite prepared to find him in a tiny yellow cottage nestled almost at the edge of the track. We had often wondered, too, why Dr. Holmes, who, of course, could live wherever he pleased, should elect for nearly half the year to make his home in a small yellow cottage near the railroad. The Doctor lived conveniently, though not unpleasantly, near the railroad, and the "yellow cottage" turned out to be a very attractive brown house surrounded by beautifully kept grounds with a picturesque background of rocks.

While the way was being paved for our admittance we sat on a rustic seat and overlooked fields white with daisies, and in the distance the ocean. We were wondering what wise and witty thoughts had popped into the Autocrat's head while he had been sitting on that self-same seat, and hoping that we might get a breath of inspiration from the very atmosphere, when we were told that Dr. Holmes would be glad to see us.

It seemed almost too good to be true that the famous man, who had been suffering all the spring from a bad attack of la grippe, would consent to chat with two pilgrims, who could not hope to amuse him, but would only make a draft on his precious time, of which, as Dr. Holmes assured us, all old men are avaricious. While receiving us most courteously, Dr. Holmes begged that his visitors would excuse him from much talking, "for," he said, "I am still greatly enfeebled in mind and body." Physically, Dr. Holmes was, as he said, far from strong; but we believe that, mentally, it would have been a hard task to find his match. Epigrams fell as naturally from his lips as platitudes from those of the rest of us. Think of the man and his work along different lines—"Beloved physician in an age of all," revered professor, successful novelist, a great poet and the best essayist that America can call her own.

When he learned that we called New York home, Dr. Holmes reminisced a little about it. "How well I remember," he said, "when that great city was a queer little place, and the Battery was the resort of wealth and fashion. That was long before your time, wasn't it?" and he laughed genially. We asked the Doctor if he had been in New York much of late. "No, scarcely at all," he replied, rather sadly; "and why should I? In all that great city I have not one close friend." We assured him of a very warm welcome from innumerable friends if he should come to New York. "Yes, I don't doubt it," he said; "people are very kind to the old man. Not many years ago some gentlemen in New York gave a great dinner in my honor and afterward there was a large reception. I remember shaking hands with several celebrities, General Grant among them."

The conversation having turned on celebrities, Thackeray and Dickens came to Dr. Holmes's mind. He characterized them both as "kindly, very kindly, but in talking with Thackeray one needed to have one's wits about him, for Thackeray was likely to be pretty caustic."

We were tempted to say, "No doubt you were more than a match for him, Dr. Holmes," but we refrained, feeling that such an unvarnished compliment might not be acceptable. We were greatly interested in Dr. Holmes's humorous account of the walking match to which Dickens, while in Boston, challenged Mr. James R. Osgood, the publisher. "Who won?"

"Why, Osgood, of course," laughed the Doctor. "I wish," he said, "that I could find the funny programme of the event that Dickens got up, it was most amusing." Dr. Holmes spoke of the Tremont House as it was when Dickens stayed there. "An enormous place," he said. The subject of hotels led Dr. Holmes to mention the old Waverly House, where he used to "put up" years ago when in New York. "It used to be quite the fashion to stay there," he said, "but I suppose it isn't even in existence now."

Dr. Holmes spoke of the constant attention and kindness which brightened his old age. "But there's a hard part, too," he continued; "I mean the loss of my dear and life-long friends. Of my contemporaries only Judge Hoar and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop are left." The Doctor seemed absorbed in a sad reverie, but we ventured to ask him if he did not think that undoubtedly his life had been happy beyond that of most men. He assented, but said: "I have had my heavy burdens as well as all the world." We remembered his brave soldier son who fell in the late war, the comparatively recent loss of his wife and the crushing blow that he sustained in the death of his daughter and constant companion, and thought that the genial philosopher had indeed borne his share of humanity's burden.

Dr. Holmes expressed himself as glad to talk with us in his capacity of man, but did not wish to speak of his work, past or future. He did say, though, that during

his convalescence he had been dictating some stray notes to his stenographer which he was not sure if he should include in his autobiography or publish before long in another form. Dr. Holmes told us that he had found amusement before leaving Boston in weeding out duplicate books from his library shelves to take to Beverly, and he had begun to arrange them in his study there. The Doctor called our attention to a very beautiful and seemingly antique bookcase which he said he greatly prized—a legacy from a beloved nephew who died last year. He wished us to see a chair also that he had received from the same source. Dr. Holmes's pride and gratitude in showing these remembrances from one whom he had cared for were inexpressibly touching.

Something suggested Dr. Holmes's approaching eighty-fifth birthday, and in response to an inquiry if he expected to pass the anniversary as usual, in Beverly, he said: "Oh, yes, I suppose so. It is always a pleasure to see the school children who come in to greet me that day. My daughter-in-law provides sweetmeats, and we spend the pleasantest hour of the day in entertaining them."

The Autocrat was at that time not only able to enjoy the long drives which he delighted in, but had begun to take daily walks when the weather was fine. A faithful nurse attended him and would not permit over-exertion, or admit ill-timed visitors.

The subject of visitors having come up, we asked Dr. Holmes if he were not often bored to the point of frenzy by well-meaning but tiresome callers. He smiled indulgently in acknowledging that "very provincial young ladies are sometimes rather troublesome." He spoke of their habit of maintaining a prolonged silence after shaking hands with him. The Doctor said if such persons would cut their visits short he would try to be resigned, but the stupidest people made the longest calls, and Dr. Holmes was often driven even to his wits' ends to know what to say to them. "But if I am feeling well, and people like to come in to see me for a short time, I haven't the slightest objection; of course I feel very happy if anything I have written has given them a desire to see me." This train of thought on Dr. Holmes's part suggested to us that perhaps our visit was becoming a little wearisome to him and we rose to go. But the genial Autocrat would not hear of this, and insisted on a longer chat. He spoke of the enjoyment he still had in reading and in study. We begged him to plunge the world still deeper in his debt by thinking out a remedy for la grippe. Dr. Holmes said if suffering were an incentive to invention he should long before have devised a cure for this dread disease. "But I fear," he continued, "that while certain atmospheric conditions prevail the doctors can only alleviate, not cure."

Dr. Holmes surprised us by his interest in matters that one would not think of as appealing to him. Every subject, though it might be mentioned quite incidentally, brought out a bright comment from the Doctor. While we were making our adieux, Dr. Holmes was moved to offer us a little of his philosophy. He said: "A cheerful disposition is the best thing in the world to possess. It makes a man grasp all the beauty and joy in life, and resolutely put away from him every pessimistic and sour thought. We all know the two kinds of people—those who look on the dark side and those who see the bright." Dr. Holmes believed that his greatest blessing had been, and was to the last, his optimism.

MARY WADE.

NEW YORK CITY'S MEN OF MARK.

JOHN H. STARIN.

GO to it! It sounds like a Shakespearian adjuration, or an incomplete imprecation, as one is classically minded or otherwise; but, when Zephyr, softly flirting with the little blue and white banneret waving at the masthead of the street cars, shows the observer "Glen Island," one recognizes an invitation which is full of delightful reminiscence if he has been there, or of enticement if he has not.

It was my great good fortune to spend a night or two at this enchanted spot not long since, enjoying, through the kindly offices of a friend, privileges which money could not have procured me.

Glen Island is strictly a day resort, and, at the hour appointed by the founder and presiding genius of this bit of Paradise, the visiting throngs are marshaled inexorably aboard the waiting boats and sent home.

The privilege of remaining on the island after the last scurrying excursionist had departed, of watching the garish electric lights swiftly extinguished, leaving the stars alone to light the long wooded avenues, with here a flame of red hibiscus and there a labyrinth of tropical riches, is an experience.

One feels amid that perfume-laden darkness as if life took on an added touch of solemnity. As if it held an especial meaning. Perhaps, a special message for whoever could catch it on the sighing treetops, the fragrant breath of heliotrope or in the soft swish of the incoming tide as it creeps slowly up the sides of the gray rocks.

Perhaps my message came to me that night. It was that I should tell the story of a brave, self-sufficing life, which, culminating in that success craved of every aspiring boy, is well worth recording for its own sake and theirs.

Wandering about beautiful Glen Island, one gets a better idea than would be possible otherwise of the big-heartedness of the man who, from the pinnacle of his own success, has not forgotten to shed light and pleasure on the pathway of less fortunate ones.

Glen Island was originally little more than a cluster of rocky islands, with picturesque possibilities. But, by the good taste of Mr. John H. Starin, combined with large liberality, it has been converted into a thing of beauty which is likely to be a joy forever to the citizens of New York, limited to a day's holiday at a time.

Every rocky crevice has been made to hold full measure of floral beauty. Under trellised vines the Limerick German can gather his little family about

him, and, within the shadow of Nuremberg's Castle, talk of the Fatherland on the Rhine. Relentless war has been waged against the unsightly at every turn; and the day spent along the flowery byways is full of a clean, peaceful pleasure not unmingled with instruction for receptive minds. High swung among the overarching branches are tiny blue and white pagodas, placed there with tender thought for the birds of the air. To me those cozy ready-made havens were one of the nicest touches, among many, expressive of that gentle consideration for the weak things of the earth that always marks the truly strong man.

Naturally, I wanted to know something about the man who had wrought so well for himself and his fellow-creatures. So I asked One-Who-Knew:

"What does he look like?"

"Dress him in the stars and stripes and he would look just like Uncle Sam."

And I thought that was a splendid compliment. Immediately I drew my own picture of a vigorous, sinewy physique, a keen-visaged man clear of eye, resolute of purpose—a man who stood for something.

And John H. Starin does stand for something.

My woman's curiosity impelled another question:

"What sort of a talker is he?"

Said One-Who-Knew:

"It is said of him that he never made but one speech in his life. That was when he was in Congress, and it was a very short one. A strong effort was being made by some lobbyists to secure the passage of a bill by which they could secure some very valuable Government property at a trifling price. The iniquitous proceedings stirred the wrath of the honest man of affairs. To every one's surprise, quiet Congressman Starin sprang to his feet and made the one speech of his life. He did not know whether he was in order or not—in point of fact he was altogether out of order. He did not know much about the bill, and he did not wish to make a speech, but he did know something about the value of property, and if Government wanted to sell, he would give his personal check for five hundred thousand dollars for the property in question. The lobbyists were defeated and the House astonished."

But before he reached Congressional halls?

At the outset of his career poverty and obscurity were his portion. That he has long since put them both behind him is the result of indomitable energy, combined with a fine executive ability and the happy faculty of taking life's "ups" with its "downs" and striking the average that makes for placidity. Forty-five years ago he nailed a card to the lid of his office desk, and, though the card is faded and weather-beaten now, the inscription on it has woven itself firmly into the moral and mental texture of the man—

"I never pays to fret and growl
 When fortune seems our foe,
 The better bred will push ahead
 And strike the braver blow.
 For luck is work,
 And those who shrink
 Should not lament their doom,
 But yield the play,
 And clear the way.
 That better men have room."

Those ten lines have doubtless been his inspiration in many a moment of despondency when "Fortune seemed his foe."

Mr. Starin comes from good old Dutch stock, the American branch of the family having been founded by Johannes Ster, who, leaving Holland about 1646, sailed up the Hudson River as far as Albany. Gradually the family wandered westward, into Montgomery County, where, in 1825, long after the Holland "Ster" had been transmuted into the American Starin, Mr. John H. Starin was born, and lived through the first three decades of his life.

Here let me say, in passing, that Mr. Starin affords another illustration of the statement, that all of the men who have made their mark in New York City, and put the imprint of a strong individuality on their times, have come to her with the vigor and independence of the country-bred boy whose formative years have been passed in an atmosphere of less stress.

He began life as a medical student; but soon tired of it. Next he took position as a clerk in the drug store of a brother at Fultonville. Soap and perfumery soon palled on the future Genius of Transportation, and he gave that up, too. He was thirty-one years of age when he resolved to seek a larger field of activity; and, removing to New York City, soon attracted attention by an idea which he evolved for the concentration and quick dispatch of freight through a central agency.

In this way he drifted into what has given full exercise to his remarkable executive abilities in the line of transportation.

To-day his business embraces the transfer of all freight of the D. L. & W. R. R. at New York City, lighterage for ocean freights, a daily line of steamers between New York and New Haven, an excursion fleet that handles thirty thousand passengers per day in summer, a shipyard for the construction and repair of his own vessels, a farm of several thousand acres, a bank and a silk mill in the Mohawk Valley. To all of these enterprises Mr. Starin devotes his untiring personal supervision, never admitting the possibility of failure, once he has embarked on an undertaking. "It can be done," is his usual ultimatum, and he seldom fails to do it.

It is in keeping with Mr. Starin's own character that his three heroes should all be men of action, conquerors of difficulties and ambitious of great achievements. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte are his three great men, and in some shape or form—marble bust, fine portrait or bronze figure—they are with him always, whether he is at work in his Cortlandt Street office or taking his rest in short snatches at one of his several pleasant homes.

Mr. Starin has three residences, and is now building a fourth, a handsome mansion in the Adirondacks. His New York home, on Thirty-eighth Street, is unpretentious. His Fultonville mansion is beautifully located in the midst of a large park that commands an extensive view of the peerless Mohawk Valley. The grounds are thrown open to the public twice a week, and, as his own visits are hurried and far between, outsiders derive more benefit from their beauties than he does himself.

The large white house at Glen Island is the picture of home-like comfort, standing prominently on a high knoll, overlooking the lovely pleasure-grounds, which there, as elsewhere, he holds ready to confer pleasure with.

In his own habits Mr. Starin's mode of living is simple in the extreme. He rarely ever makes use of a carriage, eats simply and dresses plainly.

He is a man of strong sympathies, and the really deserving always can enlist them. For a great many years he has had three pet but worthy charities for hot weather, which pleasantly illustrate it—a day's outing for Grand Army veterans and their families; another, a river excursion for the entire police force and their families, and still another for the newsboys of New York City.

One of many pleasant stories touching the kindly nature of this man of many affairs is that in the midst of business a certain hot day he said to his manager abruptly: "Find out a way to get the poor women and their children out of town for a day on the water."

The manager found out the way. A band of music was sent early next morning to play in Five Points. Poor mothers with pinched little ones swarmed down from their garrets and up from their cellars. They were marched to Mr. Starin's boats, where food, flowers and music combined to make them forget their miseries for a brief while.

Mr. Starin enjoys doing good, and in the promoting of happiness in others finds his own chief pleasure.

One likes to put such a record on paper for the inspiration of every boy in the land.

JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.



It is a good thing to have a voice, the first in the living world, and to have a manner in private life chiefly remarkable for its simplicity. That is the way with Melba. When she steps forward to greet you, her handsome brown eyes flashing a cordial welcome, and gives you a hearty hand-grip, the small amount of "great artist" with which she surrounds herself is a refreshing surprise. There is a delightful absence of affectation, a freedom from posing. Melba has grown slighter since last season. She was much exercised the other morning in her apartment at the Hotel Savoy lest it should be taken that the severity of the voyage had reduced her. "I am tired out," she said, "but I assure you that is not what has made me slighter. I was slight all summer, and intend to remain so."

Her figure is charming, plump, but with no indication of stoutness. She wore a cloth gown of the shade known as "art blue" with brown pèssenterie trimming on the bodice. When she went out she put on a medium length coat, the same color, with a fluffy collar of black chiffon, a blue velvet hat to match and a white veil. She looked very pretty. And, by the way, Reutlinger of Paris has just made of her the first picture ever produced to do her justice. Only the proofs have thus far been seen. All the old photographs published make Melba a large, heavy woman with features as heavy as her figure, and a dull, stolid expression. She is in reality lithe and rounded, with regular features, finely cut and always enlivened by a bright, piquant expression. She is what the French call *espiègle*, and has never for a moment been known to look stolid except in a photograph.

She said many interesting things about her own voice. Interested people as a rule think it has been developed through years of hard training. As a fact, Melba sang naturally correctly before ever she had her first lesson from Marchesi in Paris. With one exception, her voice was produced with perfect purity. "I carried," she says, "my lower register half a tone too high, to F sharp. If I had continued I would have lost my voice. Marchesi corrected that at once."

Melba sings from F below the staff to F first on the staff from the chest. From F sharp to F natural she sings medium register, and from F sharp to F in all her head tones. "Of course," she said, "singing masters will cry 'Oh!' at my carrying my middle register half a tone beyond the ordinary, but I do it because I did it naturally, without effort. Not so the change from my chest to medium, where I made the mistake in the beginning. I was conscious of a break and a forcing, but I did not myself know how to correct it."

This habit of "forcing" is the one Melba most strenuously pleads against in the case of young singers.

"Get the voice properly posed, the rest comes easy," is her repeated counsel. "Better have a weak place, if necessary, than a voice ruined. When you practice roles or any sustained work sing *pianissimo*. In the beginning, of course, scales and vocalises are all right sung *forte*, but after the voice has attained its volume practicing *forte* destroys *pianissimo* afterward. I always sing my roles, when studying, *pianissimo*. If I did not I should lose all power of warmth or shade afterward. Always practice softly," says Melba; "that and posing the voice properly are my two main maxims."

Melba is a good pianiste and violiniste also. In taking up a new role she familiarizes herself thoroughly with the music on the piano before treating a bar of it with her voice. All its accuracy of phrasing, its light and shade, she has memorized, and knows exactly how she shall sing it in advance. "Why," she says, "should any one begin by memorizing a score upon their voice when they might quite as well memorize it on a mechanical instrument. No, I save my voice until practice for execution alone becomes necessary, and this is comparatively nothing in the way of wear and tear."

The voice, like any other physical organ, can of course be exercised to exhaustion, and is in no way more apt to incur permanent sign of wear than in the repetition of single passages for commitment to memory. Almost the first thing a young singer does with a new score is to take it to the piano and play and sing at the same time, not only sing, but in the enthusiasm and anxiety forget and sing full voice. The precedent of an artist

like Melba should form a valuable guide to young singers. She herself attributes the marvelous freshness and apparently endless volume of her tone to the fact that she never wastes any of it in unnecessary practice, and when she does feel compelled to rehearse a part always reserves her *forte*. Of course, with every young singer the voice is not born naturally placed like Melba's; but adherence to her main views as to its placement by art and its preservation afterward should insure to every singer the best results of which they are inherently capable.



It began at the football game. Bob was there, rooting for Yale with the best of them. He and his chum, Tom Blake, were separated from the rest of the boys by a seat or two; but this did not prevent their talking back and forth, and every time Yale scored, shaking hands all around over people's heads, much to the danger of the hats on the aforesaid heads. There was a pretty girl on the other side of Bob, with golden brown eyes, and a big Harvard bow perched conspicuously on her coat. She was with a party of Yale men and girls, and the boys couldn't avoid hearing scraps of their conversation, whenever it was still enough to hear anything, and it was evident that she was having as much as she could do defending her colors against so many.

The last remark Bob caught ran something like this: "I don't care, Harvard always wins on debates and—that sort of thing—" the last somewhat vaguely. "Besides, one can't spend one's life playing ball, and when it comes to brains, Yale men are nowhere at all." "Oh, come, Bettina," laughed a girl next her, "you know you said the other day that clever men were well enough, but you'd forgive a man anything if he was only big."

"Gad! Bob," said Tom, "there's a chance for you; you certainly ought to be a winner if size counts."

Just then cries began to grow louder on all sides, and a tall chap who was leading the cheering in that section got up for the fiftieth time, waved his arms excitedly, and yelled: "Come on, now, fellows! Three times three for Yale!"

At last the game was over, but pandemonium still reigned; the fact that Bob towered above most of the crowd was not enough. Up on the seat he jumped, shouting until he was hoarse.

"Come, old man," said Tom, laughing, "we want to catch the first special."

Bob grabbed his hat and gave it a final flourish, when, unluckily moment! it slipped from his hand and fell direct into the lap of the girl with the crimson bow.

"Oh! I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Bob, descending rapidly with a very red face, stepping on her toes in his haste, and thereby making matters much worse. "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world, I assure you;" then, meeting her frigid glance, he added solemnly, "wouldn't, 'pon my soul!"

"It is really of no consequence," she replied, icily, and rose to follow her party from the stand.

Bob's friends on the back row witnessed this performance and gaped him unmercifully.

"I am an ass, no mistake; and what makes me mad, Tom," he said later, "I didn't say a word to you, but I had my eye on that girl all through the game; she's just my style."

"Well, you're queered now," replied Tom, cheerfully; "she might have forgiven the hat business, but to have a hundred and ninety-four pounds come down with a thud on one little foot is too much for any girl's feelings."

"How do you know her foot was little?" demanded Bob, grumpily.

"Because I saw it."

"Little hands, little feet,
Brown eyes and figure neat,

recited Tom in a sing-song tone. How's that for impromptu verse inspired by a dark-eyed girl with a Harvard bow? Come on, let's hustle and join the festive throng."

And soon they were in the train speeding along toward New Haven with the crowd, to engage later in the mysteries of what is known to college men as celebrating.

'Twas "Prom" week at Yale.

Carriages were hurrying to and fro, bearing the proud undergrad and his very best girl from the depot to the New Haven House. Bob was to have his cousin from Maine down. "And," said he, "she's an awfully nice girl, really; you fellows needn't think she ain't. But, hang it all! a man don't want to take his own cousin round all the week; but I promised in my freshman year she should come, so here goes for the depot."

Tom went with him, rather unwillingly, it must be confessed; but a man has to stand by his chum in a case of this kind. However, after Miss White and her mother had arrived, and they had all chatted a while, it was plain to be seen, from Tom's appreciative grin, that the cousin from Maine would not be on Bob's hands quite all the time.

"I haven't got a girl here, Miss White," said he; "too hard up, don't you know; so I'm going round with you a lot."

It was the first Bob had heard of this arrangement, but he let it pass, and said cheerfully: "Oh, yes, Tom will go with us and take you to some of the teas; he quite likes that sort of thing."

"Terribly fond of 'em," murmured Tom, as he gazed on her rosy cheeks.

"Smooth girl, your cousin," remarked he, after they had left; "you ought to have told me and not given a fellow such a surprise."

The festivities of the week culminated on the night of the Junior "Prom." Bob had the evening virtually

to himself, as things were progressing pretty rapidly between Tom and Miss White.

"Come on, Bob," said Jack Travers, of the crew, "I want to present you to Miss Wilson, the girl from Cambridge I told you about. I have you down for two dances, you know, for I want her to meet all the best men and have a good time, as this is her first Yale dance."

The next moment Bob found himself standing before a slight dark girl in a white gown, and as their eyes met he felt himself turning cold all over. 'Twas she of the football game!

"Allow me to present Mr. Maitland, Miss Wilson."

"We've—a—met before," stammered Bob; "that is, I mean to say, I believe I have seen Miss Wilson at a football game."

"I recollect the circumstance quite distinctly," said Miss Wilson in a chilly tone, which the mischievous expression of her eyes rather contradicted.

Bob took her card and wrote his name down, thinking meanwhile, "What the dence will I say?"

Then, as Travers left them, he stepped into the box beside her and began hesitatingly: "You don't know how badly I feel about that day. Just my confounded luck, dropping my hat. And stepping on your foot, too. Of course it hurt you awfully—such a big fellow as I am. If you only knew how much I've thought of you since, and that I admired you then more than any girl I ever saw, I know you'd forgive me."

This last was a great hit for Bob, but admiration had made him eloquent. Miss Wilson smiled in a bewitching manner. "Oh, really, Mr. Maitland, you needn't feel so badly; I forgave you long ago."

After that Bob felt as though the world was his, and he sailed in and talked in a way that was most surprising.

"There is only one thing that can keep us from being the best of friends," said he, taking note of the large bunch of Jacqueminot roses which she carried conspicuously, "and that is the fact of your being a Harvard girl. Now, admit that those stiff old Assemblies can't come anywhere near a glorious dance like this."

"Oh, no," said she, "perhaps not; but then there are other things."

"You mean you don't think Yale men are as clever? I heard you say so the day of the game."

"Oh, then you were listening."

"How can a fellow help it when the prettiest girl he has ever seen is talking."

"Men never mean such things; you shouldn't say them."

Just then Jack Travers appeared, and she was whirled away to the strains of the D. K. E.

"Bob is pretty hard hit, I'm telling you," said Tom to Miss White.

At that moment he came rushing up to them. "I've met her, Tom!"

"Met her—who?"

"Why, the girl we saw at the Springfield game, of course."

"The girl! Why, there were nine hundred and ninety-nine of them, man; how do I know who you mean?" with an expressive grin at Miss White. Then, as the fair Bettina floated by—"Oh, sure! the Harvard girl. Seems to me her tune has changed; she gave you a mighty sweet smile just now. Been getting in some fine work, Bobby, old boy?"

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed he, and hurried off to find his partner. Miss Wilson cut a dance or two and gave them to him; for, unlike most big men, he waltzed to perfection.

The evening ended with a tea in Jack Travers's rooms, to which they all went. Bob and Miss Bettina, by some maneuvering, managed to get the most delightful corner of the window-seat, and it is not known how it came about, but when they parted he had a crimson rose in his coat and she wore the violets of Yale.

After this Bob developed a sudden and alarming fondness for an aunt who lived in Boston, and, "Been to see auntie lately, Bobby?" came to be quite a by-word with the boys.

The following summer, at a house party on the Hudson, in a secluded corner of the piazza, sat Bob and Bettina, with their heads pretty close together. Their engagement had just been announced, and the conversation was naturally of an absorbing character. "Oh, you dear girl!" cried Bob, impulsively, as she said something in a low tone. And he would have kissed her right then and there, if some one, who was evidently up in such things, had not given a warning cough as he came round the corner.

"Sorry to interrupt you, really," said Tom, as he strolled by with Bob's cousin from Maine.



THE OPIUM HABIT.

Few persons have displayed more energy in the field of public reform than Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio. Much of his time has been spent in lecturing gratuitously on the subject of the Opium and Morphine Habit, endeavoring to arouse public appreciation to the extent of the misery which this habit is causing throughout the country. And in our legislative councils, too, his voice has been heard in the advocacy of enactments calculated to legally regulate the indiscriminate administration of both intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs. His advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper, and he is highly endorsed both at home and abroad.

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EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

NOVEMBER NOVELTIES.

WHY does not some clever person write an article on "How not to be extravagant in dress and yet look nice"? for, I am sure, if there is a burning question of the hour it is that. I have taken part in the counsels of many women lately and have been struck by the unanimity of their grievances in this one particular direction. Everything or anything fit to wear costs frightfully in New York, and the where-withal of many of us is ridiculously inadequate to the demands of our dress-makers and milliners. This is all the more aggravating as materials are really quite cheap now, and the prices asked for finished articles are therefore out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. Of course the explanation is that labor is dear and rents high and living so costly that large profits are essential to the successful carrying on of business. But there is no consolation in all that for the unhappy woman who is trying to make ends meet on next to nothing a year and who dearly loves pretty clothes, and whose male relations, and friends generally, look personally aggrieved if she is not always the pink of perfection in the matter of dress. Some one with a genius for organization should think out a great co-operative scheme by which women of moderate means could supply themselves with the necessities of a neat wardrobe without being obliged to contribute to the rents and other expenses of great establishments as well as paying for actual purchases made. In the meantime there is nothing to do but grumble and be extravagant, or else relapse into contented dowdiness—from which fate may all the powers deliver us.

The most alluring "vanities" exhibited in the shops just now are the various fascinating arrangements for dressing the neck and shoulders. Some are so delicately pretty that, as a friend of mine remarked, you almost want to eat them. Velvet, crepon, chiffon and lace are the favorite materials entering into these charming confections. The inevitable buckle always has a place of honor at the throat. Some of these buckles are things to dream of. Gold ones of dainty design set with pearls seem to me the loveliest of all. On a background of turquoise velvet or rose chiffon or mauve crape nothing is more exquisite. But every one may not have them of gold and pearl, and there are pretty ones of a cheaper sort in chased silver, cut steel and mother-of-pearl that any one might



like to wear. Rhinestone and paste buckles are also much seen and look very effective at night. Vandyked lace collarettes in deep cream or pure white lighten up a dark gown wonderfully, and are a toilet in themselves. I have seen a pretty woman wearing one of these over a perfectly plain black woolen gown and conveying a general impression of being handsomely dressed. Of course the black gown hung well and fitted perfectly, and I suppose I should add that the wearer boasted a graceful figure. Nevertheless, the costume was simplicity itself, yet was far more effective than some quite elaborate ones in the same room.

The square tabs dominate in the new throat arrangements. A very dainty collarette that I have seen was of apple-green velvet covered with ecru lace. It was cut in a large square tab in the back, and two smaller ones in front, flaring away. The whole collarette was edged

with an accordion frill of pale-green mousseline-de-soie, with a fall of the same in front between the two tabs. There was a rolling stand-up collar of green velvet, showing a frill of mousseline-de-soie, next to the throat. The fluffy tulle choker, with a rosette on each side, holds its popularity, and some very becoming ones are made of Liberty silks.

The tea-gown is once more playing an important part in the daily functions of the woman of leisure who, during the summer months, had little use for this essentially indoor garment. A very graceful and becoming one is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is made of accordion-plaited Liberty silk in a mulberry shade. Epaulettes of cream-colored lace, tasseled with jet, adorn the shoulders. The bodice is crossed with ribbons of rose-pink fastened up at each side of the neck into choux and passed round the waist to tie at the back. It is open at the throat, and has sleeves to the elbow only, in the popular Parisian mode. This is a pretty style for those who can boast of snowy skin and well-covered arms and neck; but to all others it is extremely trying.

and the tail is arranged to fall over the hair at the back. Some might think the effect rather gawky, but very modish women would overlook that point provided the turban was becoming, which



it is to almost any face. The collar is fashioned out of two sable tails and two velvet rosettes. It is fastened at the neck with a jeweled clasp. Those who like to trim their own hats would do well to



A FRENCH HAT.

A picturesque French hat is shown. It has a wired brim of coarse cream-colored lace embroidery and a crown formed of black antique satin gathered into a choux at the top with a large osprey. At either side droop ostrich feathers, giving the effect of width, which just now seems to be the chief desideratum in millinery.



The third figure wears one of the popular new sets of sable, combined with blue velvet bows and rosettes. The skin of the animal is used for the crown of the turban, the head is placed in front, the feet extend around the sides

study the new Hat Mount, of which a cut is given on this page. Silk or velvet of any color and some black wings are all that is needed to make this stylish arrangement for trimming a large hat.

I have seen a dainty way of relieving a mourning gown. This gown, intended for second mourning, was of a rich black caracule undulè with a soft, silky surface. Extending from the choker were radiating tabs of silk braiding, the cloth being cut away in the centre and replaced by a network of black braid. White ribbon was run under these tabs, showing through the meshes. A white ribbon throatlet finished the neck. The skirt had two similar tabs extending over the hips on each side and showing the white underneath. With this gown may be worn a tiny black bonnet trimmed with white tulle rosettes, and white tulle strings, tied in a fluffy knot under the chin, frame the face most becomingly.

The comfortable Inverness capes are seen everywhere. The most stylish are of covert cloth lined with Scotch plaid. The cape will be the popular outdoor garment for the winter when the intention is to remove the wrap. The elaborate bodices necessitate this. The jackets are intended for dressy outdoor occasions, and are worn over plain silk bodices. Many of the fur jackets are being made with fancy vests. I have seen a very smart sealskin with a vest of cerise silk covered with guipure lace and embroidery. The perforated and embroidered

cloths are also used for vests. Many of the fur shoulder capes have boas and falls of ribbon and lace.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

FIFTY women of the University of California, headed by Miss Mabel Feusler, are pledged to appear in reform costume on the next rainy day. Their dresses, which are mostly black, will be made with short skirts coming a little below the top of their cloth leggings.

MME. JUDITH GAUTIER, a daughter of the great French poet and prose writer, is herself an authoress of some repute. She has written several novels, a book of prose poems, some art criticisms and two dramas, the respective scenes of which are laid in Russia and Japan.


MISS JEFFREYS LEWIS, a San Francisco actress who suffered from a superabundance of adipose tissue, has successfully reduced her form to the most sylph-like proportions by a strict adherence to a diet of skimmed milk and chewing gum. She consumed two quarts of milk a day and chewed a fresh piece of gum after each libation, allowing an interval of an hour between. The cream taken off the milk was used as a face lotion with the happiest effects on the complexion. So now all the rotund women of the West are industriously chewing away their superfluous flesh, and local milkmen go their way rejoicing. A word to the wise is sufficient.

THERE is a Ladies' Mending Association in London which undertakes to mend personal and household linen at moderate charges. It is quite a treasure trove to bachelors and professional women, or housekeepers too busy to attack their own darning-baskets. In addition it provides light employment to many poor gentewomen whose abilities do not soar above the level of homely needlework. The writer has never heard of any such association in New York, where indeed one ought to flourish considering all the busy and solitary people it contains. The idea is recommended to some of the Women's Exchanges in the city.

A CERTAIN happy girl possesses an engagement bracelet of which she is exceedingly proud. She chose it in preference to a ring, being struck with its originality of design. It is a fine curb chain in pure gold, studded at intervals with various colored gems, the initials of which spell the word dearest. The stones are set in this order: Diamond, Emerald, Amethyst, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Turquoise. Is not that a pretty fancy?

ONE of the costliest kinds of fur is that of the sea otter. A cloak of this material sometimes sells as high as a thousand dollars.

AN ingenious mother makes vests or jackets for her little ones out of her own old stockings. She cuts the feet off and about four inches of the ankle end. She then unpicks the leg seams, so that the stockings lie flat out, and sews two together to make one piece of cloth. Midway between the seam and edges she cuts two armholes, into which she sews the pieces cut off the ankle ends, to make the little sleeves. The whole is then finished by a knitted or crocheted frill round the edges of the sleeves and jacket. A button or two and loops to match complete the little article, which really looks quite pretty. Working guilds should try this economical plan of utilizing old stockings.



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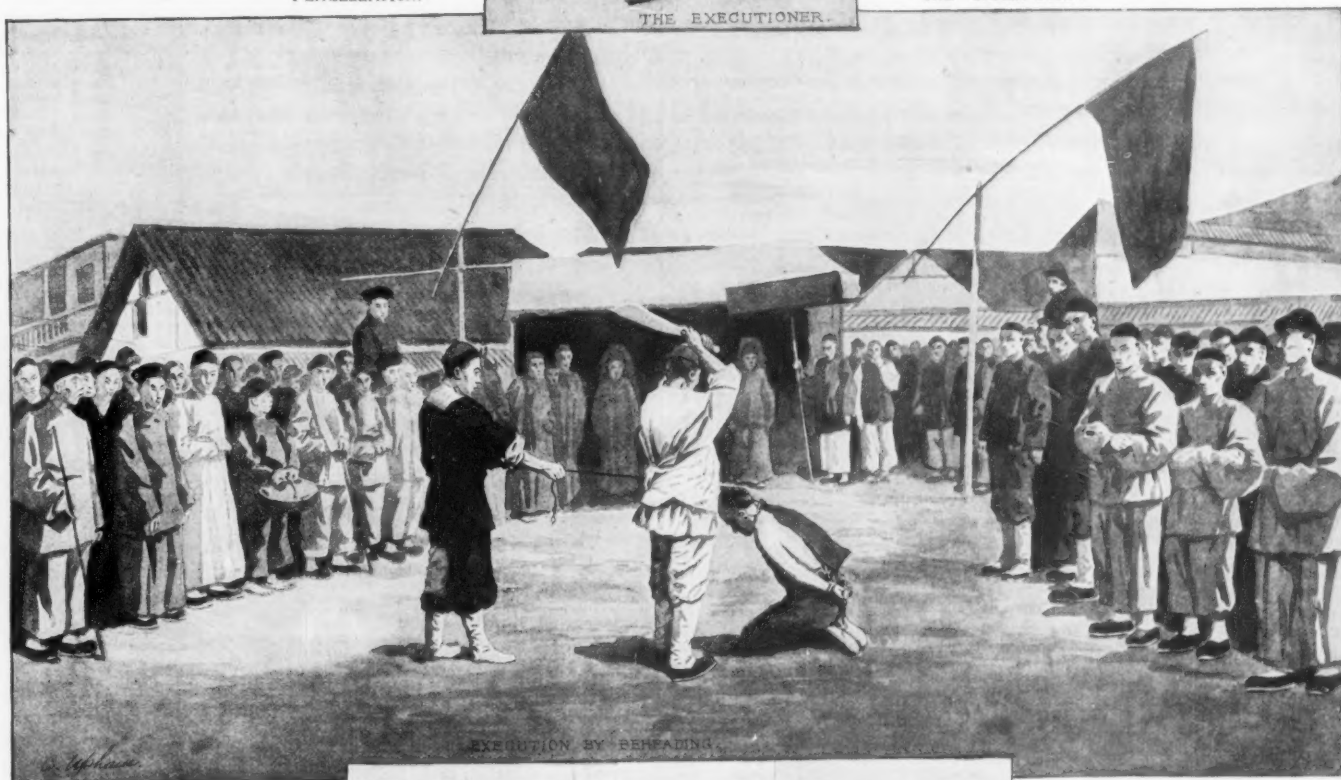
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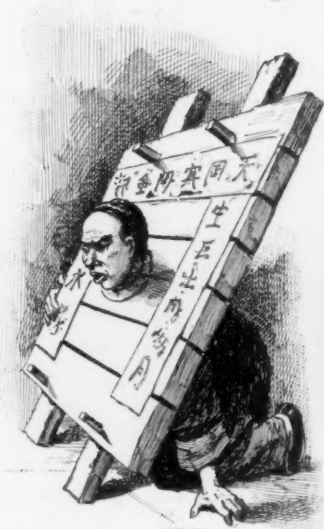
THE EXECUTIONER.



THE 'CHAIN COIL'.



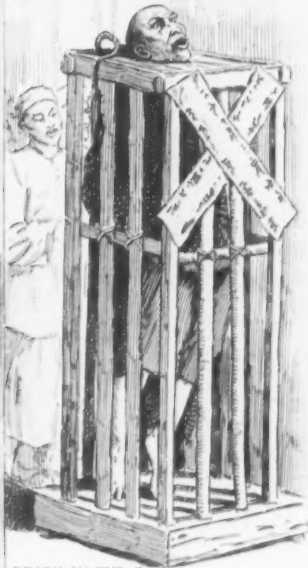
EXECUTION BY BEHEADING.



WEARING THE 'CANGUE'



BOARD OF PUNISHMENTS [OR CRIMINAL COURT]



DEATH IN THE CAGE

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE PUNISHED AND TORTURED IN THE CELESTIAL LAND.

(See page 7.)



E. M. H., Chicago.—You were born in the sign Taurus, and are governed by the planet Venus. You are of good height, inclined to be stout, complexion sanguine, brown hair; very likely have a mole or mark on your throat or neck. Your health is subject to attacks of bladder and throat troubles, and you will feel these chiefly in the latter part of October and beginning of November in any year. Still, you are by no means short-lived, only you need to take care of yourself. You have good abilities, but are of a rather mischievous nature, sarcastic, and quick-witted; rather variable in your opinions, fond of rambling about. You would get on well in some business requiring activity, both physical and mental. At the same time,



you like your ease, are fond of female society, and of amusement generally. You would have success in connection with sports, and with speculative enterprises generally. You are very likely to be successful with animals, cattle, etc., but would be careless with your money, though you are destined to make a good deal of it, and to both gain and lose suddenly and unexpectedly. What you require most is discretion and prudence in the management of your affairs. Women are likely to make trouble for you, and you will have a good many enemies of both sexes; some of them will seriously annoy you. You are signified to marry a tall, fine-looking woman, with brown hair and sanguine complexion—probably a good horsewoman; she would be quick tempered, and there would be want of harmony. You will need to look after your health particularly for the next year, and especially not to drink much.

H. D., West Superior.—This young man was born with Saturn and Venus rising in the zodiacal sign Virgo, and with Neptune in the Mid-Heaven. He will grow to be tall and large in form, with brown hair, oval face and sanguine complexion. He is governed by the planet Mercury, and will be of an active temperament, fond of study and thoughtful, and will lead a life full of variety. He will be unlikely to be long in the same business or vocation; thus, he will take an interest in agriculture and mining, metals and other lines referring to the



products of the earth—while he will also, having a fine intellectual endowment, be interested in science and art; possibly in connection with such matters. He is, in fact, very versatile in his nature, and is ingenious in the use of tools, and in any line of work in which fire is concerned. But he has also a refined and artistic streak which will give him a tendency toward music—in which he should excel—and literature. This is not saying he will be a "Jack of all trades and master of none," for he will probably master any of them with ease, and will have a certain degree of success in any; if he stuck to any one, he would be competent in it, and successful, but this he will hardly do—being

OUR ASTROLOGER

largely controlled by Neptune and Herschel. His fortunes will therefore fluctuate; and, while he is not likely ever to be rich, he will make a living. But he is of an improvident nature, and will not take good care of his

means. He is certain to excel as a musician, and by his social talents will make many friends, of influence and position, who will be of great value to him. His enemies will be tall men, spare, with swarthy complexion—men who retain anger against any one who opposes them. He will marry at about the age of twenty-six, a lady of medium height, rather stout, with dark-brown hair and clear complexion, cheerful and obliging, and very intelligent, and his married life will be a most fortunate and happy one. He has the very best aspects for health and a long life. He had a bad period at 2 and 3 years of age, and will have others at 8, 11 and 15, when his health is likely to suffer, probably from intestinal disease. But, on the whole, he has a very favorable nativity.

J. M., Schenck of St. Louis.—You were born with the sign Sagittarius on the Ascendant, and are governed by the planet Jupiter. You should be tall, with chestnut or light brown hair, gray or hazel eyes; having an excellent disposition, free and good hearted, active, generous, fond of sports and recreation, probably a good horsewoman. You have the very best aspects for character and disposition, though you are somewhat over-sudden in your judgments, and inclined to be passionate. You have not the best aspects for worldly success, and would have trouble through your female acquaintances; you should guard against deceit and injury on the part of women. Again, as to fortune, I should say that you would find both your gains and losses unexpected and sudden in character; as you would be likely to receive legacies, or otherwise have your fortune improved



through the death of others. Any affairs of the nature of speculation would be unfortunate for you, and you would need to take the best of care of whatever means you might possess. You should have excellent abilities, and be quick-witted, though inclined to be rather sarcastic. The aspects for good health are of the best, and you will doubtless live long. You may be subject to rheumatism in the shoulders and arms, but there are no signs of any serious disease. The present time is not favorable for you, and you will be under opposing aspects for the next year or two—though nothing very serious is foreshadowed. You are not indicated to marry; and, if you did, it would not be a satisfactory union.

W. J. H., Indiana.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Aquarius on the Ascendant, and Pisces rising. You should be of medium height, well formed, inclined to be stout, with brown hair and dark eyes; in disposition stable, kind-hearted, proud, fond of learning, argu-



mentative. You have a peculiar combination which indicates that you would gain through your adversaries. You ought to have very fine abilities, and be quick-witted and sagacious. You would also

master foreign languages with ease. You would be bold and intrepid, inclined to rashness, quick in anger, generous, rather given to speculation. You would be liable to chest disorders and to accidents; indeed, as to the question "What will become of you?" your only danger is from accident or violence, and you are indicated to have a long and healthy life—but one warned to always guard yourself against any possible danger that you may suspect. You are likely to receive money by will, by marriage, or from both sources. You will pass through many vicissitudes, but will generally manage to hold your own against all adversaries. You are indicated to have married at twenty-three or twenty-four, a young woman described as of good form, rather full, with light-brown hair and gray eyes, sanguine complexion; ingenious and thrifty, pleasing in her manners, and a good conversationalist. Yet, there is also shown, as being near to you, another woman: stout, compact, with dark hair and complexion, full face; ambitious, active, rather arrogant; where she would come into your life I cannot say—nor when; but somewhere and some when. The last few months, from the end of July (1894), should have had some unpleasant surprises for you; your fortune would have been unlikely to suffer, and you may have lost a relative or near friend by death. There does not appear to be any misfortune immediately facing you—or indeed for some years.



A. A. L., Ark.—This gentleman was born with Cancer on the Ascendant, and is governed by the Moon. He should be of medium height, stout, with dark hair and complexion, and gray eyes. He has a strong mental organization; but, like his disposition, there is something in it that will give him more trouble than comfort through life. He has sound judgment, and a tendency to be successful in matters requiring good intelligence; but he would not get on well with those over him, would have a good many so-called friends who would be of no use to him, and would have a good deal of trouble with and about women. In his nature he is bold to rashness, and inclined to rush into speculative enterprises—though he has aspects that will tend to hold him back. He would be apt to remove his residence often, and to travel long journeys; if by water, he would be unfortunate and in danger. He is very likely to inherit property, or to gain by marriage; much more likely than he is to achieve success in business. He might marry at twenty-two or twenty-seven, a woman described as of medium height, stout, with dark hair, round face, gray eyes, sanguine complexion; he would have trouble both with courtship and marriage. His health would be mainly affected by chest troubles and fevers, and he has some birthmark or mole on his breast. Probably he has had misfortune in the present year (1894) since July; and the middle of November will be evil for him; he may lose a relative or near friend. Altogether, this nativity is not so propitious as could be desired—providing the birth-hour is given correctly.

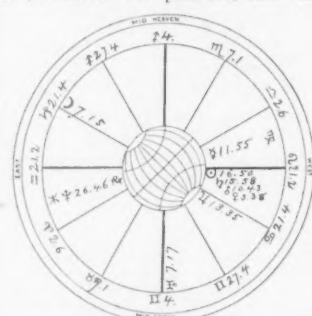
O. N. F., Ohio.—You were born with Libra rising and are under the dominion of the planet Venus. But the natives of Libra are given the power to make or mar their own lives, and you are therefore one who must depend more upon himself and his own exertions for the success of his career than upon his friends. You should be above medium height, with smooth dark hair, clear complexion, oval face, gray eyes; in disposition ambitious, obliging, fond of pleasure, fairly even tempered. You are very likely to fall heir to property and to gain by marriage, and you would meet with success in your affairs—up to a certain period of your life, when you would be likely to encounter sudden reverses and misfortunes which would be very disastrous. You are fond of pleasure and of society, and you would not be careful of your means; much of it would slip through

your fingers. You would travel a great deal, short journeys, and they would be profitable to you and pleasant. Speculation is not for you, nor betting nor card-



playing; you would not meet with success in them. You are very likely to have had family troubles, more than ordinary. As to employment, you would do well in any business in which women were the patrons—jewelry, furniture, apparel, etc. You would not be fortunate in mining or agriculture. You are indicated to have married at about twenty-four, a woman much of your own general type, rather tall, with brown hair, oval face and clear complexion; possessing an excellent disposition. Your married life should be fortunate and happy. The past few years will not have been very fortunate for you, and evil aspects may thwart you for some time to come.

H. H., Mobile.—You were born in the zodiacal sign Aquarius, with Neptune in the Ascendant rising in Pisces. You would be of medium height, rather full figure, probably brown hair, sanguine complexion, dark eyes, and ought to be very handsome. You have very good aspects, and would owe the most of your troubles to yourself—either by imprudence or rashness; except as regards your health. You would be liable to heavy colds on the chest and to fevers, and might meet with a good deal of illness. You would inherit property, and probably obtain it also by marriage, and you would be fortunate in speculation. Generally, you would have success in life, and would have friends among prominent and influential persons. You have a very fine intellect, are shrewd and have good judgment, and are interested in the arts. Your troubles would come from a strongly magnetic and sympathetic nature, fondness for pleasure, and varia-



bility of temperament. You are generous and brave, and equal to emergencies; successful with the opposite sex, have a fine taste (and possibly talent) for music, and should be popular in society. You are probably intuitive, and a good reader of character. You would not be likely to marry early in life, if at all, but you would have a good many *affaires de cœur*. If you did marry you would not make a great success of it—particularly for the past few years. You have nothing unfortunate threatening you, and have, altogether, a fairly favorable nativity.

The greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined OSCAR A WEEK to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the coupons printed in each issue of OSCAR A WEEK and sending it to this office, with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have published a brief Nativity and a Chart of the Heavens at the time of birth. Comply absolutely with the directions; write with ink, and plainly; in giving birth-hour, state if A.M. or P.M. No attention will be paid to coupons not correctly filled. Address "Astrological Department; OSCAR A WEEK."



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By "A BLUE APRON."

PARTRIDGE CREAM SOUFFLE.—Take six ounces of cold cooked partridge, pound well and add three ounces of browned bread-crumbs, pepper and salt, mixing the whole until quite smooth. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add to them a quarter of a pint of cream, a quarter of a pint of milk and pour on to the panada, stirring until quite smooth. Whisk the whites of three eggs quite stiff and stir in lightly. Fill a mold with it, covered with buttered paper, stand immediately in a pan of boiling water and steam three-quarters of an hour. Turn out on a warm dish, garnish prettily with sliced lemon, or, if possible, with truffles and coriander pepper. This is an excellent supper dish.

VEGETABLE CURRY.—Cut four potatoes four turnips and four carrots in nice-sized pieces and shred one onion very fine. Pour some salad oil into a frying-pan, and when it boils put in the vegetables and fry a nice brown. Take an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour and half an ounce of curry powder; mix them together and stir into one pint of hot water. Stir in a saucan until the mixture thickens, then put the vegetables into a stewpan, pour the sauce over them, add some French beans (previously boiled), one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, cover the pan and stew for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Arrange in a silver dish, surrounded with rice and garnished with chopped gherkins and chilies.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

THE FLOATING CANDLE.

Every boy is familiar with the good old game of "Bite-the-Candle," which is played by placing a candle in a tub of water and promising a prize to the first one present who lifts it out with his teeth without touching it with his hands. One after another will try to accomplish this



apparently simple feat, some, in their anxiety to succeed, going so far as to plunge their whole heads in the water, like the lad in the illustration. The floating candle, however, evades all attempts to catch it, and bobs around on the surface of the water to the discomfiture of the aspirants for the prize. But there is

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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a little secret which, when you know it, will enable you to bite the candle every time. It is this: Bring your mouth as close as possible to the floating object and blow over it before trying to bite it. A sufficient vacuum will be produced to keep the candle at the surface, and you will be able to seize it with your lips without further difficulty.

CHESS.

BETWEEN THE GAMES.

THE Chess Masters' tournament, arranged by the New York City Chess Club, opened on Saturday, October 20, at the Union Square Hotel. Eleven first-class players were present.

In the first hour of the tournament Steinitz acknowledged a draw which had all the merit of victory for his opponent, E. Hymes, the young and brilliant collegiate player. The moves of the game are given in this column, with the veteran's own notes as contributed to the *New York Sun*. Very rarely has a young player met with such success in a contest with a champion.

Two other games were drawn on the first evening—Hanham vs. Pillsbury, and Albin vs. Delmar. Then Roca-mora, choosing the Vienna opening, beat Halpern, the City Chess Club champion, after fine middle and end game play. Finally Showalter broke through the French defense offered by Jasnogrodsky, the Polish player, and compelled him by a brilliant attack to resign after the fortieth move. Baird a bye.

On the second evening, October 23, Halpern fell to Steinitz and Hanham to Hymes, and Delmar's game with Baird was adjourned. Pillsbury beat Jasnogrodsky, Albin beat Roca-mora. Showalter a bye.

Several interesting contests took place on the third evening, October 25. Jasnogrodsky exchanged pieces with Halpern, until the latter was placed at a disadvantage, when, however, the Polish player failed to make use of his opportunity and a draw resulted after eighty-eight moves. Baird found Steinitz too clever for him and was mated after forty-two moves, being at the mercy of the champion all the time. Delmar, who has played chess in New York City for twenty years, fought desperately with Roca-mora and succeeded in defeating him brilliantly after forty moves. Albin attempted to attack Hanham prematurely and went under after thirty-four moves.

To the regret of those who admired his draw with Steinitz and his victory over Hanham, Hymes lost a game in the third round to Showalter. The champion of the United States opened with Ruy Lopez and the collegian replied in correct style. Unhappily, on the eighteenth move Hymes being pressed for time, made an injudicious move and gave Showalter an advantage which he was not slow to use, winning after thirty-two moves. The play was excellent on both sides but for Hymes's one error.

One of the most regular spectators of the tournament is Ludwig Rosenfeld, a member of the City Chess Club, better known to the general public as a theatrical manager than a chess-player. Mr. Rosenfeld has supplied *ONCE A WEEK* with one of his original problems, in the making of which he has quite recently proved himself to be an adept. The solvers and propounders of this and other problems are invited to send in criticisms as well as solutions.

The New York Chess League referred to last week is now an accomplished fact. At a joint meeting of delegates held at the Manhattan Chess Club, Julius Livingstone, president of the City Chess Club, was elected president of the League. George Koll is the treasurer, and G. A. Barth, secretary. There will be an annual team tournament, and the club scoring the greatest number of victories will carry off a trophy valued at seventy-five dollars. The example of the League is commended to other cities as a means of creating a lively interest in the game among club members.

The Franklin Chess Club of Philadelphia will in a short time issue a challenge for a double-round team match against all New York.

FROM NEW YORK.

Game played in the first round of the Chess Masters' tournament between Steinitz and Hymes:

WHITE (Hymes.)	BLACK (Steinitz.)	WHITE (Hymes.)	BLACK (Steinitz.)
1 P-K4	P-K4	11 Q-B6 (ch)	B-Q2 (ac)
2 Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	12 Q-Q5	B-K3
3 B-Kt5	P-QR3 (a)	13 Q-B6 (ch)	B-Q2
4 B-R4 (b)	P-Q3	14 Q-Q5	B-K3
5 P-Q4	B-Q2	15 Q-B6 (ch)	B-Q2
6 Castles	P-QKt4	16 Q-Q5	B-K3
7 B-Kt3	Kt x P (c)	17 Q-B6 (ch)	B-Q2
8 Kt x Kt	P x Kt	18 Q-Q5	B-K3
9 P-QB3 (d)	P x P (e)	19 Q-B6 (ch)	Drawn
10 Q-Q5 (f)	B-K3		

NOTES BY STEINITZ.

(a) My real intention in adopting this move against Lasker at Montreal in the fourteenth game of the match came out on this occasion. Some critics remarked at the time that I had lost faith in my usual favorite, 3...P-Q3, but, as will be seen, the same idea is carried out after the last

move, which secures a draw at best against the most formidable attack, which, according to the theory and practice of first-class masters, White has at his disposal.

(b) Lasker in the above-mentioned game played here 4...B x Kt, and then followed 4...Q x P, 5...P-Q4, P x P; 6...Q x P; Q x Q, and Black obtained the superior position with his two Bs.

(c) 7...P x P is objectionable.

(d) The only good answer.

(e) Black has nothing better.

(f) The game is practically finished here, since a draw is the only legitimate result. As White is reduced to forcing a draw so early, Black must, of course, be content with that issue.

(g) The only alternative. The game is remarkable, as it proves that the defense has the option, after a few opening moves, of completely neutralizing an attack, which was considered one of the strongest forms of the Ruy Lopez.

PROBLEM NO. 2.—By L. ROSENFIELD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PRINCESS PAULINE, the King of Wurtemberg's only daughter, recently performed a graceful act. An old man, by trade a dyer, found, owing to increasing infirmities, the daily task of drawing a heavy handcart too much for his strength, and seeing by an advertisement in the papers that a pony from the royal stables was to be sold, hit upon the happy idea of writing to the King to beg that he might be allowed to purchase the animal at half price. Trusting to the notorious good-nature of his Sovereign, he described his circumstances at some length, and stated it was impossible for him to give the full price—twenty pounds—but the pony would be the joy of his life, etc. Shortly after he received a letter from Princess Pauline, saying the pony in question was unsuitable for the purpose he required, being of far too lively a disposition, but that her Royal Highness possessed another, of steadier manners, which she would willingly present to him, if he would promise to treat it well and not sell it again. Needless to say, the old man agreed most gratefully to the Princess's conditions, and not many days ago drove in triumph through his native village, drawn by a handsome pony, the gift of "our Princess," as he proudly informed every one.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

MRS. JAMES L. PATTEN, president of the Woman's Club, at Springfield, Ill., is opposed to woman suffrage and will not allow the subject to be introduced for discussion at the club. She says when it becomes necessary to call a man to sit in our domestic councils it will be time to get the women to serve on political boards. Mrs. Patten served on the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair, and says she has had an added respect for men ever since.

FROM MISSOURI GREETING.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 22.

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